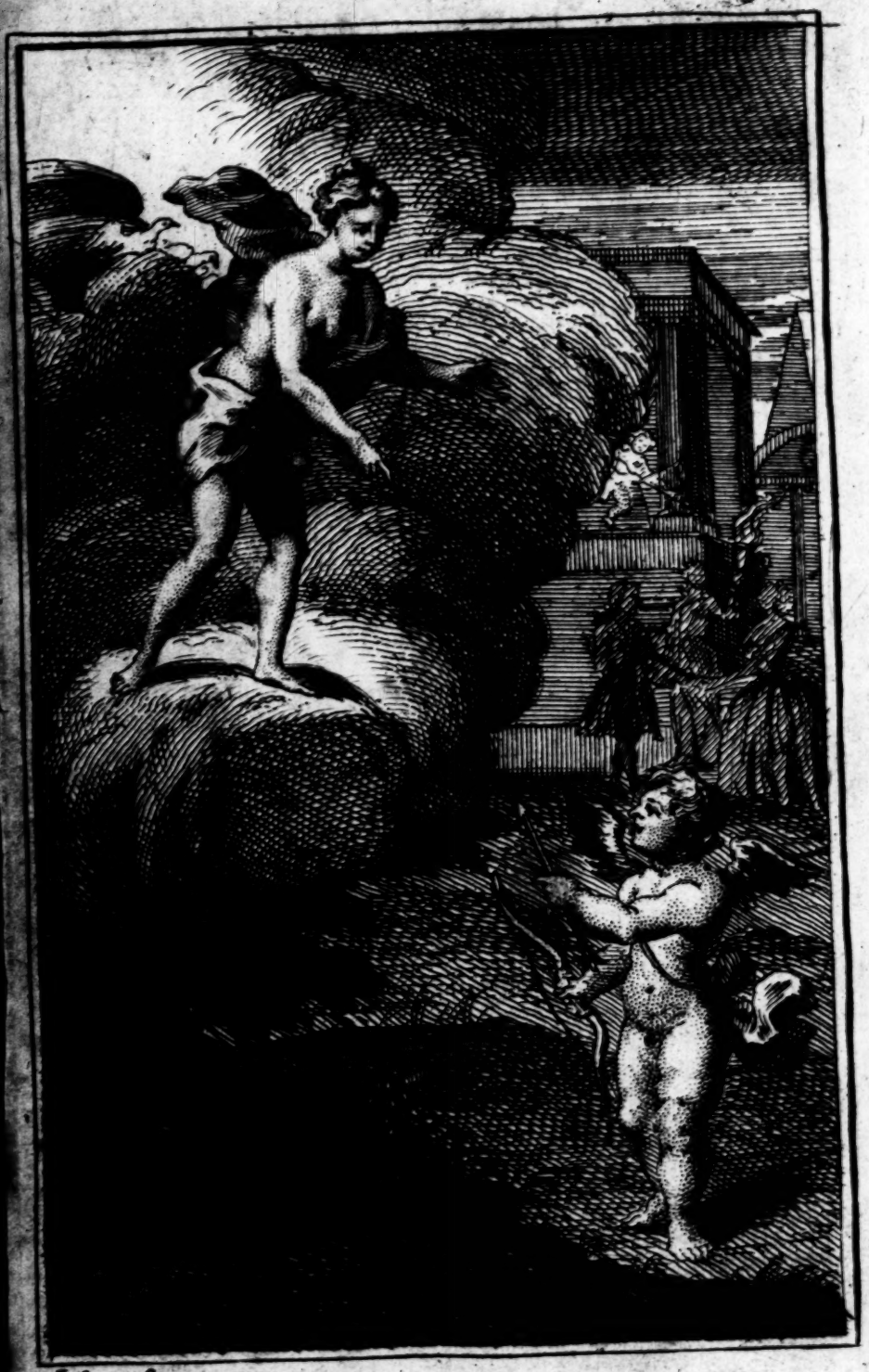

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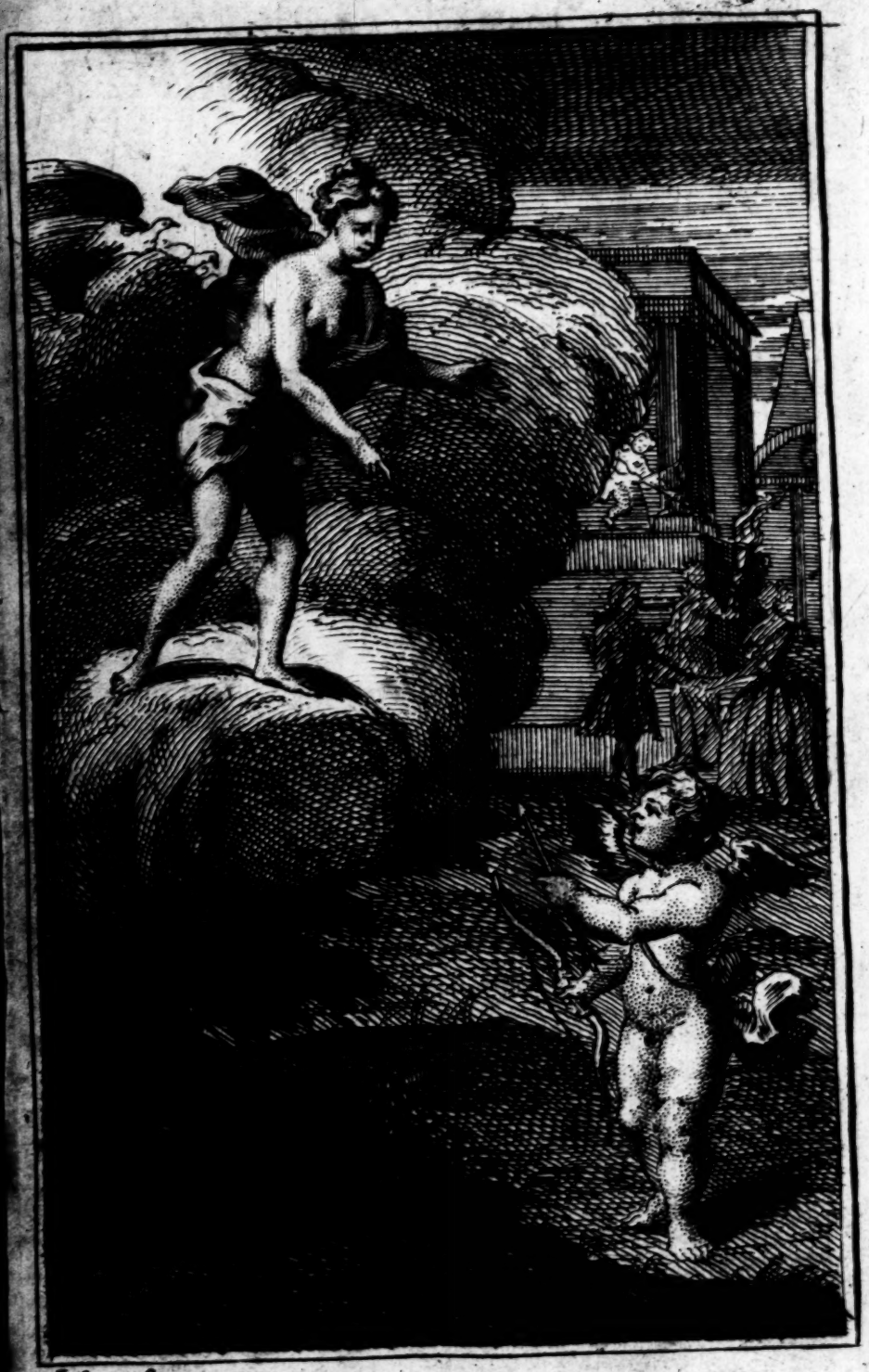

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THE

FLOWERS

OF

PARNASSUS:

OR, THE

Lady's Miſcellany,

For the YEAR M.DCC.XXXV.

CONTAINING

Great Variety of Original Pieces in Proſe and Verſe; and many Curious Particulars publiſh'd ſince the Year One Thouſand Seven Hundred and Thirty-Four.

The Colours here ſo artfully are laid,
They fear no Luſtre, and they want no Shade.

Stepn. to L. Halliſ.

Theſe bliſsful Plains no Blights nor Mildews fear,
The Flow'rs ne'er fade, and Shrubs are Myrtles here.

Garth.

LONDON:
Printed and Sold by *J.* and *T. Dormer* in *Black and White Court* in the *Old Bailey.* 1736.
(Price 2*s.* Stitch'd)

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE

LADIES *of* Great-Britain, *of what Rank or Station ſoever; whether Belles or Slatterns, Prudes or Coquets, wiſe or otherwiſe.*

AS the *Fair Sex* may juſtly claim a Title to the poetical Eſſays of the Sons of *Apollo*, it would be an high Injury to offer them to any of our own, eſpecially if it be conſidered that every Poet is indebted to the Muſes, the Heavenly-inſpired Siſters, for their Productions: I therefore dedicate this new Miſcellany to you,

DEDICATION.

Fair Ladies, as a Tribute which you may equitably demand.

HEREIN you will find Gaiety for the Splenatick; Mirth for the Melancholy; Satire for the Peeviſh and Ill-natured; and Wit for the Wits.

IF, Ladies, you approve this Ragou, ſo well adapted to your different Taſtes, our own Sex muſt reliſh and approve; for we are naturally ſo complaiſant as to commend every thing to which you give a Sanction. I will not therefore detain you any longer from your Banquet, than to beg Leave to ſubſcribe myſelf,

LADIES,

Your ſincere Admirer,

and devoted humble Servant,

T. G.

THE CONTENTS.

	Page
TO Miranda	5
The Advice	6
Complaint againſt Time	7
The Huſband	ibid.
Fancy	8
The Requeſt	ibid.
Selinda *ſure the brighteſt Thing*	9
Dorinda *to* Myrtillo	10
Verſes pinn'd on a Sheet in which a Lady ſtood to do Penance in the Church	12
Reflections to theſe Words: All Things ſubmit to Love	13
Shape and Mien. To Mira	14
The Syren's Invitation to Ulyſſes	15
On Dundee	16
An Epitaph on a Man and his Wife	ibid.
The Female Rake: Or, Modern Fine Lady	17
On Women	29
In a Lady's Prayer-Book	ibid.
Upon a Company of bad Dancers to good Muſick	ibid.

	Page
To a bad Fidler	30
On Maids	ibid.
On the Picture of Suſanna	ibid.
Love Tears	ibid.
The Viſit	ibid.
If beauteous Kitty *boaſts a Charm*	31
Among the Fair that Hide-Park *Circus grace*	ibid.
Aulus *and* Calenus. *Imitated from* Buchanan	32
Venus *Jealous*	ibid.
On a Welſhman	33
For Love	ibid.
Againſt Love	ibid.
From the Greek	ibid.
To a Roman Catholick, upon Marriage	34
The Rake of Taſte	ibid.
The Old Gentry	46
Beauty: Or, The Art of Charming	47
The Story of Iphis *and* Anaxarete	56
To Lucinda	60
To the Hon. Mrs. *******	61
Upon one ſtealing a Pound of Candles	62
Imitated from Buchanan	63
A Character	ibid.
Myra *in her Riding-Habit*	ibid.
Miſs for Court Service, &c.	ibid.
On a Gentleman who died the Day after his Lady	ibid.
Imitated from Buchanan	64
A Cure for Poetry	ibid.
Baſia: *Or, The Pleaſures of Kiſſing*	ibid.

On

On Kissing 71
Feminæ ludificantur viros 72
In Uxorem optatam ibid.
Tunc tua res agitur ibid.
On Virtue: To a Lady 77
On the Tax upon Salt ibid.
The Rarities of Richmond, &c. ibid.
Verses on the Hermitage 82
On the Busts placed by her Majesty in the Hermitage 84
The Life and Prophecies of Merlin 86
To Mr. Pope, *on his Essay on Criticism* 97
On two young Ladies respected by Damon *at one Time* ibid.
On three Buxom Females 98
Upon Mrs. Bell's *forfeiting her Faith to her first Love, and marrying another* ibid.
On a young Lady's being overtaken in a Storm 99
The Story of Pyramus *and* Thisbe, &c. ibid.
A Lady wrote upon a Window some Verses, &c. 104
A Shepherd's Answer to a Gentleman's asking him, What he was 105
The Eighth Idyll. of Theocritus 106
The Happy Bride 111
On the Burser of St. John's *College,* Oxon, *cutting down a fine Row of Trees* 133
In Church, the Pray'r-Book, &c. 134
Jealousy. By a Lady. ibid.
The Town reports the Falshood, &c. ibid.

On

	Page
On Mrs. Biddy Floyd	135
To a Sempſtreſs	ibid.
To a Lady who made Poſies for Rings	ibid.
A Nymph and a Swain, &c.	136
Martucio *and* Conſtantia	ibid.
A Dunce's Speech at School	145
The Metamorphoſes of the Town	146
Prologue to King Arthur	160
Epilogue to King Arthur	161
Woman's Reſolution	163
The Roſe. For the 10*th of* June	ibid.
On Marinda's *Toilet*	164
To the Author of the Satyr againſt Wit	ibid.
On Lady Eſſex	165
To Mrs. Anaſtaſia Robinſon	ibid.
On Homer	ibid.
Optimum quod evenit	ibid.
Verſes by Boileau	ibid.
Epitaph on Salley Salisbury	166
The Rapture	ibid.
To Mrs. A------ F-----	ibid.
On two Twin-Siſters	168
On Corinna's *Wiſh*	ibid.
Written in a Lady's Table-Book	169
Muliere ne crede, ne mortuæ quidem	ibid.
To his falſe Miſtreſs	170
Againſt an Atheiſt	ibid.
The Lady's Reſolve	ibid.
The Gentleman's Anſwer	171
Upon a Lady, ſleeping with her Face cover'd	ibid.

Page
Venus *miſtaken* 172
Prometheus *ill painted* ibid.
On a Civilian ibid.
Written in the Leaves of a Fan 173
The Nunnery ibid.
The Nineteenth Idyll. of Theocritus *imitated* 177
Epitaph on a young Lady 178
Upon a Picture of Lady Hide 179
On the Seven Biſhops ibid.
To a Lady who wore Patches 180
On a handſome Woman, with a fine Voice, but very covetous and proud ibid.

TO

TO
MIRANDA.

AS shipwreck'd Men, upon the angry Seas,
With Fear behold their Death before their Eyes;
Cloven with Despair, void of all Hope, they strive
To save their Bark, and keep themselves alive;
Ev'n so, fair Maid, I wreck'd on Seas of Love,
To thy divine enthralling Arms wou'd move.
Thy Eyes the Star by which my Course I steer,
Which if ablent, drive me on Despair.
Thy Smiles are Charms, which quell the furious Tide;
Love is the Pilot, Love the only Guide;
Thy Frowns are Blasts that overturn my Boat,
And quite confound the Pilot and his Mark.

Forbear, cæleſtial Nymph! forbear to frown;
Blaſt not my Hopes, nor plunge me headlong down;
With Smiles conduct me to the diſtant Shore,
And beat me back with furious Frowns no more:
Free from the Storms of the tempeſtuous Tide,
At Anchor in your Arms ſecurely let me ride.

The ADVICE.

YOung *Damon*, once the happieſt Swain,
The Pride and Glory of the Plain,
Yet ſee th' Effects of Love!
Depriv'd of all his former Reſt,
Shun'd Company, with Grief oppreſt,
And ſought the thickeſt Grove.

The Nymphs and Swains all ſtrove to find
What 'twas diſturb'd the Shepherd's Mind,
But when they beg'd to know,
He only ſhook his drooping Head,
And ſighing, mournfully he ſaid,
My Fate will have it ſo.

Myrtilla hearing of his Woes,
Came too, and kindly ask'd the Cauſe
Of all his mighty Pain;
The Youth tranſported, and amaz'd
To hear her charming Voice, ſoon rais'd
His Head, and thus began:

I love,

I love, but 'tis a Nymph so fair,
That I of all Success despair,
And nought expect but Scorn:
And, oh! forgive, since ask'd by you,
If farther I my Tale pursue,
And say for you I burn.

The Nymph then blush'd, and smiling said,
And is it thus you court a Maid,
With sighing and with pining?
In Love, the Want of Confidence
Is worse by half than want of Sense:
Rise Man, and leave your whining.

Complaint against TIME.

WHY, envious Time, will you now fly so fast?
When I'm from her, you never make such Haste.
When I'm with her, then Hours but Minutes are,
But when from her, then every Hour's a Year:
You have no Rule, you never equal go;
But always are too fast, or else too slow.

The HUSBAND. *By a Lady.*

THE Poets sing of old, that am'rous *Jove*,
In various Shapes perform'd the Feat of Love.
Chang'd to a Swan, he rifled *Leda*'s Charms,
And, with a rival Whiteness, fill'd her Arms.

On *Danae*'s Lap he fell a golden Shower:
(Gold is the ſureſt Friend in an Amour.)
Now in a Bull's, or Satyr's grisly Shape,
He on ſome Beauty makes a welcome Rape.
Nor think it ſtrange, that *Jove*'s almighty Power,
Thro' theſe baſe Forms, taught Females to adore,
A Likeneſs leſs agreeable he try'd,
He came a Husband to *Amphytrion*'s Bride:
And, in a Husband's Shape could welcome prove,
Who muſt not own the Omnipotence of *Jove*.

FANCY.

LOVE is by Fancy led about,
From Hope to Fear, from Joy to Doubt;
Whom we now a Goddeſs call,
Divinely grac'd in every Feature,
Straight's a deform'd, a perjur'd Creature:
Love and Hate are Fancy all.

'Tis but as Fancy ſhall preſent,
Objects of Grief, or of Content,
That the Lover's bleſt, or dies:
Viſions of mighty Pains, or Pleaſure,
Imagin'd Want, imagin'd Treaſure,
All in powerful Fancy lies.

The REQUEST.

WAFT me, ye ſoft and gentle Breezes, where
I (bleſt with Peace) may breathe Ætherial Air,
To ſome retir'd unmoleſted Shade,
Devoid of Art, and ſweet by Nature made.

Where

Where murm'ring Streams with great Reluctance go,
And by cascadious Force are made to flow,
Where yellow Cowslips gayly paint the Ground,
And blooming Flowers diffuse their Odours round:
On such a Spot give me a little Farm,
Secure from Summer's Heats, in Winter warm;
Where the soft Songsters of the feather'd Kind,
With their sweet Warblings shall divert my Mind,
Where on some lofty Tree the Turtle Dove,
Shall in soft Murmurs woe his constant Love.
In such a State, secure from Noise and Strife,
In peaceful Solitude I'd pass my Life:
Blest with the Converse of a Female Friend,
With whom the Evening of my Days I'd spend.
May mutual Passions glow in either Breast,
As I in her, so she in me be blest:
Nor do I wish for Affluence of Store,
Give me Contentment, Fate, I ask no more:
In such a pleasant, such a calm Retreat,
I'd live and die, unenvy'd by the Great.

SElinda sure's the brightest Thing,
That decks our Earth, or breathes our Air?
Mild are her Looks like opening Spring,
And like the blooming Summer fair.

But yet her Wit's so very small,
That all her Charms appear to lie,
Like glaring Colours on a Wall,
And strike no further than the Eye.

Our

Our Eyes luxuriouſly ſhe treats,
Our ears are abſent from the Feaſt:
One Senſe is ſurfeited with Sweets,
Starv'd or diſguſted are the reſt.

So have I ſeen, with Aſpect bright,
And tawdry Pride, a Tulip ſwell,
Blooming and beauteous to the Sight,
Dull and inſipid to the Smell.

DORINDA *to* MIRTILLO.

O Cruel Youth, as Cruel as you're Fair,
You mind my Sighs no more than Wind or Air.
O could you Love like me, my lovely Swain!
But that's a fruitleſs Wiſh, a Wiſh in vain.
To Love again would be too great a Bliſs,
That would be Heaven, and boundleſs Happineſs.
But ſure to Pity you may be inclin'd,
The Wretched plead it; O too much unkind!
In vain I call, *Mirtillo* ſwifter flies;
Mirtillo ſlights, and poor *Dorinda* dies.
While this I write, a Thouſand Tears diſtill,
Sighs equal Words, and guide the Mournful Quill.
Ah! cruel Shepherd, had I never known
Thy fatal Charms, I had not been undone.
To Love, and not Enjoy, is downright Hell,
What Torment 'tis, they only know, who feel.
Oh! what Exceſs of Pain I now endure!
You gave the Wound, will you not give the Cure?

O were

O were the Tables turn'd, *Mirtillo* know,
Dorinda would not use *Mirtillo* so.
My dear *Mirtillo*, could you only guess
The thousandth part of my Unhappiness,
Your gentle Soul would some small Pity show,
I dye, because I cannot live, for you.

All the long Day I for *Mirtillo* sigh,
At the least Noise look out, and think 'tis he.
Why will my Love his coming thus delay?
The Hours fly on, and hurry down the Day.
Perhaps he'll come at Night, but Night denies
Her dearest Object to *Dorinda*'s Eyes.
And thus the Day I spend, in Hopes and Fears,
Fresh Disappointments much augment my Cares.
Then think the Night will friendly Rest bestow,
But Rest, alas! suits not with endless Woe.
Sleep flies the wretched Lover, soft Repose
Shuns my poor Heart, and distant Objects knows.
Sometimes I dream, my Love, I have thee fast,
Kiss the dear Lip, and hug thee by the Waist.
Pleas'd with th' imperfect Joy, I onwards spring,
(But see th' Inconstancy of every thing)
The happy Dream steals gently from my Eyes,
I wake, and find the pleasing Phantom flies.
Thus Day and Night I am deluded on,
And in an endless Maze of Disappointments run.

O my *Mirtillo*, see a wretched Maid,
By too much Love and Innocence betray'd;
By Vows deluded, by false Hopes led on,
(Curst Magick of thy dear inchanting Tongue)
Too soon was vanquish'd, and too soon undone.

Hear

Hear me False Youth, by all the Powers above,
Nay, what is more, by all the Powers of Love.
I here Conjure thee, O *Mirtillo* turn,
O let thy Soul with equal Ardours burn.
Or Would the Gods the Boon I beg bestow,
Encrease your Love, or lessen mine for you.
(But the relentless Powers deride my Tears,
Laugh at my Sighs, grow deaf to all my Prayers.)
Let me for some few Hours, with you alone,
Like the sad Turtle murmur out my Moan,
This only thing, my Life, I ask of you,
One soft Embrace, one long and last Adieu.
If after this *Mirtillo* proves unkind,
If soft Careless can no longer bind,
Dorinda falls a willing Sacrifice,
Dorinda then with Satisfaction dies.
But whither am I got? my Lines flow on,
Just like my Sorrows, and are endless grown.
I've done, and all that now remains behind,
Is that.

I'm thine for ever ——

Oh —— *be kind,*

DORINDA.

Verses pinn'd to a Sheet in which a Lady stood to do Penance in the Church.

HERE stand I, for Whores as great
To cast a scornful Eye on;
Should each Whore here be doom'd a Sheet,
You'd soon want one to lie on.

Re-

Reflections on these Words:

All Things submit to Love.

ALL Things submit to Love; with careful Eyes
Survey the nether World and upper Skies;
Their ev'ry Product which are good and fair
Proceed from Love, or thoughtful Lovers are.
The Earth's a Lover; and the Realms above;
The Seas are like to force their Banks with Love.
Remark yon Star which sits behind the Sun,
Whose Horses now with Speed begin to run:
Observe its wanton rolling Eye, and how
Spangles around be set and deck its Brow:
That Star's in Love; and did but lately part
(Were the Truth known) from him that has her Heart.
Bears in the Woods their am'rous Meetings keep,
And so do Whales and Dolphins in the Deep.
That pretty Bird which sings in yonder Grove,
That pretty Bird is touch'd with Flames of Love.
Mind how he springs from Spray to Spray,
His ev'ry Flight, and all his Turns survey;
'Tis Love directs his Flight and his Return,
And could he speak he'd say, with Love I burn.
This his Heart dictates, nay his Tongue declares
To's Mate who knows the Language of his Airs.
See how she too, on yonder pregnant Seat,
In Answer lisps, I burn with equal Heat.
Behold the Squirrel there, consider how
He trips from Tree to Tree, from Bough to Bough;

Mind how he loads himſelf with Nuts, and then
Conveys his Burthen to his little Den:
Theſe Friskins pleaſe his Love; the Nuts he ſtores
To treat the Charmer whom his Soul adores.
The Lyons roar not for their Prey; but riſe
To call their Lovers to their longing Eyes.

SHAPE and MEIN. *To* MIRA.

THE World, the learned World, conſpire to praiſe
At once the *Mantuan* and *Mæonian* Lays;
Nor hardly can, 'tis difficult to tell
Which moſt deſerves, they both ſo much excel.
Conſider, Fair, your Shape and Mein create
As great, as hard, as weighty a Debate:
Some ſay your Shape prevails with greater Pow'r;
And ſome in loftieſt Strains your Mein adore.
Alas! at once the mutual Victors bleed;
Yet none can tell from which their Wounds proceed!

Ceres her Torch, her Fruit *Pomona* bears;
Veſta the Drum, her Helmet *Pallas* wears:
Peacocks attend the Siſter-wife of *Jove*,
Diana Dogs, and Doves the Queen of Love.
Such Arms we think to Goddeſſes are due;
Swoln Eyes, and bleeding Hearts, belong to you.

The Syren's *Invitation to* Ulyſſes. *From* Hom. Odyſſ. Lib. 12.

FRAGMENT.

O Come, *Ulyſſes*, quickly come aſhore,
Too long you've heard the angry Billows roar:
Your Fame long ſince throughout the World is known
The greateſt Glory of the *Grecian* Throne.
Fam'd Hero come, and hear our tuneful Lays;
Our Songs are ſweet and worth your ſolid Praiſe.
No wand'ring Mortal e'er approach'd our Iſle,
But ſtaid to hear our heav'nly Tunes awhile.
None with our Muſick e'er were entertain'd,
But rapt'rous Joys poſſeſs'd, and Wiſdom gain'd.
O let your Ship awhile at Anchor bide;
Nor pierce the Waves, and ſtruggle with the Tide,
Before our warbling Tunes have pleas'd your Senſe;
Before you've heard our Lays, and carry'd Wiſdom hence.
Hawl out your Boat to view our pleaſing Iſle,
We'll charm your Ears, and eaſe you for the Toil.
The brave Exploits which were at *Ilium* done
By you, and all the *Greeks*, to us are known:
Nay, nothing paſſes in the Earthly Sphere,
But what we know, but what the *Syrens* hear.

O come, fam'd Chief, nor willing Ears refuſe
To ſuch harmonious Lays as *Phœbus* ſelf might uſe.

On DUNDEE.

O Laſt and beſt of *Scots!* who didſt maintain
Thy Country's Freedom from a Foreign Reign;
New People fill the Land, now thou art gone,
New Gods the Temples, and new Kings the Throne.
Scotland and thou did in each other live,
Thou wouldſt not her, nor could ſhe thee ſurvive.
Farewel, who living didſt ſupport the State,
And couldſt not fall but with thy Country's Fate.

An Epitaph on a Man and his Wife.

STAY, Batchelor! if you have Wit,
A Wonder to behold;
Husband and Wife, in one dark Pit,
Lie ſtill, and never ſcold.

Tread ſoftly tho', for Fear ſhe wakes ——
Hark, ſhe begins already:
You've hurt my Head — my Shoulder akes —
Theſe Sots can ne'er move ſteady.

Ah Friend, with happy Freedom bleſt,
See how my Hope's miſcarry'd;
Not Death itſelf can give you Reſt,
Unleſs you dye unmarry'd.

The FEMALE RAKE: *Or,* MODERN FINE LADY.

An Epiſtle from Libertina *to* Sylvia. *In which is contain'd, The A-la-mode* SYSTEM.

Men, ſome to Buſineſs, ſome to Pleaſure take,
But every Woman is, at Heart, a Rake. POPE.

WHILE you, my Dear, with Philoſophic Eyes,
Look with Contempt, on all beneath the Skies,
Of Wiſdom fond, the diff'rent Orbs ſurvey,
And count the Stars which form the milky Way:
Who like a *Solomon*, by Age grown Wiſe,
Can Pleaſures paſt moſt prudently deſpiſe;
Gravely pronounce all Vanity, which you
By Years deny'd, no longer can purſue:
Who with much reading can, at length, diſcover
That Fifty is no charm t'engage a Lover,—
Say; did you quit this odious vicious Town
While you'd a Charm which you cou'd name your own?
Nay, while with Art, you could your Face repair,
Or black-lead Combs diſguiſe the whit'ning Hair?
If this is, *Sylvia*, as you know it, true,
You fled no Pleaſure; Pleaſure fled from you.

Why with Deſire of Knowledge art thou fired,
Why; but to be ſome other Way admired?

No

No more thy Beauties can exact our Praiſe,
And mimick Virtue muſt new Trophies raiſe.

From Piles of Books, this ſingle Truth does flow,
Our Search is Folly; and we nothing know:
Thro' tedious Study, Men to Age advance,
And labour, but to learn their Ignorance.
In Native Blindneſs let me then remain,
And ſave myſelf an Age of uſeleſs Pain!
This I conceive full well by Nature's Light;
No Finite can take in the Infinite.
To ſeek to know what Heav'n conceals, is vain,
Should we ſuppoſe the Search is not prophane,—
Why in a Cockle don't we try to keep
The wat'ry Mountains of the briny Deep?
Th' Attempt's not fonder than to hope to ſee
Into the Secrets of Eternity.

Here we are placed, but know not how, nor why
We now exiſt, and are decreed to die;
Whether, hereafter we ſhall live again,
Revive to endleſs Joy, or endleſs Pain;
Whether, in other Forms we ſhall be bound,
Or be for ever in Oblivion drown'd;
In Bodies ſuited to the Element,
In Air, in Fire, or elſe in Seas be pent;
Or to ſome other Planet wing our Flight,
Which from ſome other Sun receives its Light:
Whether, for us, there is a Heav'n or Hell,
School-Men may gueſs; and, ſo may I, as well.

'Till

'Till Time had ſtol'n the Light'ning from her Eyes,
Sylvia was never known to moralize;
She gave a Looſe to ev'ry gay Deſire,
And own'd the tender Flame ſhe cou'd inſpire;
No prieſtly Doubts cou'd on her Joys break in,
Imprudence only was a mortal Sin:
By Conſcience undiſturb'd, ſhe calmly ſlept,
And Virtue ſuffer'd nought—the Secret kept.

Think not that I from Virtue e'er will ſtray,
By chuſing Fops, whoſe Vanities betray.
Virtue, we know, ſubſiſts in other's Thought,
And ſhe is virtuous, who was never caught:
Our Virtue then, is Prudence in our Choice,
On that alone depends the publick Voice:
You, ever chaſte, a Groupe of Youths enjoy'd,
But one Intrigue, *Mirtilla*'s Fame deſtroy'd.
The World by Outſide judges, and we ſee
Fame takes its Riſe from what we ſeem to be!
A Veſtal thus, Imprudence ſhall undo,
While Caution makes a Veſtal—ev'n of you.

Cou'd we but ſee the World, without Diſguiſe,
What Numbers ſhou'd we find of living Lies!
What wanton Female Saints; what praying Knaves;
What coward Heroes, and what virtuous Slaves!
What *Atheiſts* dreading, what they don't believe;
What pious Teachers laughing in their Sleeve!
What Men of Honour ſcheming to betray
The thoughtleſs Heir, and ruin him by Play!

What

What wealthy Bankrupts, who by Outſide live,
What upright —— who by —— thrive!
What pious Bawds; what honourable Pimps;
What luſtful Stoics, and what holy Imps!

We all act diff'rent Parts from what we are,
And from our Playing gain our Character.
To hit the Mean, demands both Care and Art,
Some Play below, and ſome o'er-act their Part:
Thus *Indola*, impatient of Reſtraint,
Reveals the Wanton, while ſhe apes the Saint.
Veſana, wou'd a modern Pattern be
Of Moderation and Humility:
Twice ev'ry Day ſhe'll publick Pray'rs frequent,
Her Patience ſuch ſhe can no Wrongs reſent;
Revenge! Oh fie, 'tis what ſhe ne'er did ſeek,
Veſana is forbearing, juſt, and meek;
To the Neceſſitous a Friend:——No more
She counts herſelf, than Steward to the Poor:
Yet for a Trifle, will this Lamb grow warm,
And roar as loud as a *November* Storm;
Swear like a Trooper, ev'ry Servant beat,
Curſe her own Children, and alarm a Street;
Prey on the Needy by uſurious Loan,
And ſurely make their ſmall Remains her own.
When e'er the Old *Vertulus* opes his Mouth,
He quotes the Scripture, *Tillotſon* or *South*;
Laments the Lewdneſs of the preſent Age,
And makes perpetual War upon the Stage:
In all o'er-acts his Part, and we may ſee
The Knave, beneath a Mask of Probity.

As

As each is conſcious of his own Defects,
He views his Neighbour with more inquiſitive
Eyes;
Prudent conceals himſelf, but ſeeks with Care,
What is his Neighbour's real Character;
Thus do your Swords-Men, of the Primitive
Claſs,
At once ſecure themſelves, and make their Paſs:
While like looſe Fencers, others ſhall receive
A deeper Wound, than that they aim to give;
Their Neighbours canvas with ſuch ardent Zeal,
That want of Caution does themſelves reveal.
This Theory, my Friend, I learn'd from you,
And Time has ſhewn, it is, in Practice, true:
What Judgment then, would *Sylvia*, have me
make
Of that Advice, ſhe wiſhes me to take?

Life, you ſay, no more than tranſient
Breath,
And ev'ry Gaſp we fetch, we draw in Death;
Wherefore, we ſhou'd this trifling World de-
ſpiſe,
And think of nothing, but Eternal Joys;
Life yields but few, and thoſe not free from
Pain,
Therefore from thoſe it yields, we ſhou'd re-
frain,
Does not this ſay, your Patrimony's ſmall,
'Twere better, therefore, you had none at all;
More prudent, ſure, wou'd be th' Advice to
live,
And make the moſt of ev'ry Hour we have?

Does Reaſon teach us, that th' Almighty can
Conceive Delight in Miſeries of Man;
That he has made our State of Life much worſe
Than that of Beaſts, with Appetites to curſe?
Reaſon, you ſay, ſhou'd ſtubborn Paſſions break;
And yet you'll own, that Reaſon, is too weak:
Thus, the moſt boaſted Gift of bounteous Heav'n,
Is vainly, by your own Confeſſion, giv'n.
If ſeven Times, the juſt Man falls a Day,
Of what avail is Reaſon: — Can you ſay?
Theſe Maxims are abſurd; ſince you muſt own,
By them, we're bound to do, what can't be done.
They are prophane; ſince want of Pow'r ſhall be
Puniſh'd (by them) with endleſs Miſery;
Or elſe (by them) thoſe who can nought deſerve,
Have Crowns of Glory laid up in Reſerve.

While you, ſuch ſenſeleſs Maxims dare advance,
Don't you depoſe a G—d, to ſet up Chance?
Diveſt him of his Attributes, and we
Loſe all Idea of the Deity?
They're Juſtice, Mercy, and Omnipotence,
His Omnipreſence and Omniſcience,
Which point out G—d, ineffable, ſublime,
Beyond all Limits, or of Place or Time;
Eternal Source of Light, of Life, of Bliſs,
In whom alone, centers all Happineſs:

Perfect

Perfect and pure, unchangeable, and One;
To all gives Being, and derives from None.
Your Tenets shew him, what I scarce dare speak,
A Being cruel, changeable and weak;
Who brings poor Wretches forth to Life and Light,
To plunge 'em into living Death, and endless Night.

I dare not think thus wickedly, I own,
Of the All-merciful, Tremendous *One*,
Eternal Goodness, Reason says, can ne'er
Give me my Passions, but to prove a Snare.
Life is replete with Ills; by gracious Heav'n
To mitigate those Ills, were Passions giv'n;
These we may gratify, and treat as Jests,
The idle Menaces of greedy Priests,
Who for their Lucre feign'd a Heav'n and Hell,
T'enhance our Fears, and idle Pardons sell.

A little Time, and we're no longer seen,
Nay, quite forgot, as if we ne'er had been:
Shall we then, Pleasures of this Life forego,
And make our Days one constant Round of Woe;
As if th' Almighty cou'd Delight conceive,
Seeing unhappy wretched Mortals grieve;
With Nature struggling, mortify'd, refuse
The Blessings, which he sheds with Hand profuse?
If in th' unequal Strife, we are o'ercome,
Can the All-merciful pronounce our Doom?

Such Thoughts as these from Melancholy flow,
Which nought presage, but Misery and Woe;
Physick will teach you, that the Reason's plain,
The Spirits act not freely on the Brain;
Which if they did, were thin, were pure and clear,
We shou'd be cheerful, and devoid of Fear:
But when condens'd by Humours, dry, and cold,
We suffer Change, and Fear invades the Bold:
Then does our Fancy form a thousand Racks,
And we are turn'd to Beasts, to Clay, to Wax;
Are Barley-Grain, and dread the hungry Fowl,
Now a Glass-bottle, then again an Owl;
Are sick while well, while living we are dead,
Walk without Legs, and talk without a Head:
To-day a purling Stream, we rowl along,
And, murm'ring, aid the Plaintive Shepherd's Song;
Calmly we glide, yet fear tempestuous Rains
Shou'd swell our Tide, and deluge all the Plains:
To-morrow sees some other Fancy work;
No longer now a Stream, we're turn'd to Cork,
And dread the Skrew; or else a lofty Oak,
And apprehend the cruel Woodman's Stroak.
One fears to Urine, as a damning Crime,
For he shou'd drown the World a second Time;
Another dreads, shou'd he caress his Wife,
His strong Embrace wou'd terminate her Life:
Thus the religious Mad, with Fears of Hell,
Flies from the World, and's buried in a Cell;

For fancied Ills, does real Ills sustain,
And lives the Martyr of an injur'd Brain.

Believe me, *Sylvia*, I such Whims despise,
Terror of Fools, and Laughter of the Wise;
I know no Fear but one; and Love of Fame
Keeps me still anxious to preserve my Name:
'Tis for this Reason I observe your Rule,
Close with the Man of Sense, and shun the Fool:
This gives some Pain, and oft a well-made Pun
Has tempted me, to let your Maxim drop,
Follow *Paulina*, who no Pleasure flies,
Laughs at all Censure; stedfastly denies
Well witness'd Facts, and swears them wonderous Lies:
You may believe, or not — just as you please,
For either Way, *Paulina* is at Ease;
Enjoys her Fortune, finds the same Respect,
Or where she's shunn'd, repays it with Neglect.

Martia, more anxious, like a Bully swaggers,
Threatens with pois'nous Draughts, or Midnight Daggers;
Talks of some daring Friend, whose ready Sword
Will take Revenge for a reflecting Word.
Herculean Labour! Loss to *Britain*'s Crown,
What Numbers must he, ev'ry Day, mow down!
What Numbers, *Martia*, has thy cruel Breath
Doom'd, by this Hero's Sword, to unripe Death!

For

For *Martia*, fond of Youth, her Arts employs,
And throws out ev'ry Bait to take in Boys:
Elated, these to the first Friend declare
How much they are indebted to the Fair;
The Favours they've receiv'd, in publick Boast
Describe, and make her hidden Charms their Toast.

Ametra judges right, that Joy's no Sin,
At Scandal laughs, and publickly lies-in:
The Poor and Strong from her receive their Pay,
Grown weak or pert, for others they make Way.
Why shou'd the World *Ametra*'s Actions scan,
Is then Variety reserv'd for Man?
They, without Scandal, quit the Wife's Embrace,
And oft the Chamber-Maid supplies her Place:
A Countess weeps, a Peasant is caress'd,
And this, with Men, is treated as a Jest.
May not *Ametra*, then, without Reproach,
Enjoy the Lacky who's behind her Coach:
Love while she likes, and when she's cloy'd forsake,
Turn off one Lover, and another take?
Thus does she argue, and 'tis thus she does,
Treating her Fav'rites, as she uses Cloaths;
Wears them while fresh, and while they please the Eye,
Then for her Woman's Use, she throws them by.

From

From theſe, Example I ſhall never take,
I'll be a prudent, tho' a Female Rake;
For Prudence is not to the Male confin'd,
Our Sex can boaſt as great a Strength of Mind.
I ev'ry Taſte enjoy; yet, with ſome Pain,
I, hitherto have liv'd without a Stain,
But then this Pain, does ampler Pleaſure give,
T'obſerve how artfully I can deceive.

Now learn how prudently I play my Game,
Nor fear, hereafter, I ſhall blot my Fame.
The Tim'rous Lover, aw'd by Virtue's Maſk,
Who ſighs for Joys he is afraid to aſk,
I ſoon diſcard; for he who dares not ſpeak,
I judge, for Secrets of ſuch Weight, too weak;
By haughty Airs, or by a cold Neglect,
I, eaſily, ſhake off the trembling Sect.
This too's a Maxim, which I learn'd from you,
The Man who Courage wants, wants Prudence too.

I never yet, could think my Secret ſafe
With Fools, who boldly at Religion laugh;
Who at all Times and Seaſons will be gay,
And are not mov'd at what the World can ſay.
Whate'er our Notions of Religion are,
On that profeſs'd, 'tis Folly to make War.

The Man, who on his Impudence relies,
And boaſts a gen'rous Scorn of all Diſguiſe,
Who boards the Fair, as Soldiers ſtorm a Town,
And with G-d D—ye's thinks to bear her down;

Whoſe

Whose Rhet'rick is, Nay — Z—ds, I know
you well,
You are afraid — by G-d I scorn to tell,
B—d, I am sound—D-n it, nay—why so coy;
Are not you Women form'd, like us, for Joy?
Such Men, I say, whate'er their Rank may be,
A second Time, find no Access to me.
In ev'ry publick Place these Men I fly,
A Bow from them's sufficient to destroy.
As noisy Bullies boast their great Exploits,
And talk of Conquests in imagin'd Fights;
So, these vain Bablers, with audacious Mein,
Will Favours boast, from those they ne'er have
seen.

The feather'd Fop, who makes his Dress his
Care,
Shou'd not be trusted by the prudent Fair;
Fond of himself, and of his Conquest proud,
He will proclaim her Infamy aloud.
From others Follies, I have learn'd the Wit,
T'avoid those Shelves, on which I've seen them
split.

There is a Set of Men, from which I chuse,
Who will no Favours of the Fair abuse;
Who live luxurious on the publick Sweat,
Drink richest Wines, provoking Viands eat:
For whom, *Burgundia* does her Vine produce,
For whom, *Tokay* sends forth its flagrant Juice;
Whom neither Care nor Study does exhaust,
Who for their Appetites will spare no Cost;

Who

Who are as anxious to preſerve their Fame,
(By which they live) as the moſt prudent Dame.
Theſe are the Men with whom no Riſque we run,
To eaſe that Burthen Cuſtom has laid on.
Be ſatisfied, and baniſh ev'ry Fear,
(Pleaſure's my Chace, yet Reputation's Dear)
Nor tremble while I take with ſo much Care.

LIBERTINA.

On WOMEN.

WOmen are Books, and Men the Readers ſee;
In whom oft times they great Errata ſee:
Here ſometimes we a Blot, there we eſpy
A Leaf miſplac'd, at leaſt a Line awry:
If they are Books, I wiſh that my Wife were
An Almanack, to change her every Year.

In a Lady's Prayer-Book.

WHilſt you are deaf to Love, you may,
Faireſt *Calliſta*, weep and pray,
And yet alas! no Mercy find:
Not but God's merciful, 'tis true;
But can you think he'll grant to you,
What you deny to all Mankind?

Upon a Company of bad Dancers to good Muſick.

HOW ill the Motion with the Muſick ſuits!
So *Orpheus* fiddled, and ſo danced the Brutes.

To a bad Fidler.

OLD *Orpheus* play'd ſo well, he mov'd *Old Nick*,
While thou mov'ſt nothing, but thy Fiddle-ſtick.

On MAIDS.

MOST Maids reſemble *Eve*, now in their Lives,
Who are no ſooner Women, but are Wives.

On the Picture of SUSANNA.

Suſanna's Fate with Pity we behold,
Condemn'd to Letchers, impotent and old:
With wond'rous Art, the Pencil ſhews ſhe fears
The faint Addreſſes — not the Force of Years.

LOVE-TEARS.

BOAST not a golden Rain, O *Jove*; behold,
Cupid deſcends in Show'rs more rich than Gold.

The VISIT.

I Went to ſee my Dear, but ſhe
No ſooner ſaw my Face,
Than in Diſdain ſhe turn'd away,
And left me in a Maze.
I follow'd, ask'd her what might be
The Cauſe ſhe us'd me ſo?
She look'd upon me ſullenly,
And, pouting, bid me go.
Pox take your jilting Tricks, ſaid I,
Have I this Scorn deſerv'd?
Have I done ought? If not, then why
Am I thus baſely ſerv'd?

All in a Rage, I curs'd and ſwore,
To turn my Love to Hate,
Reſolv'd that I wou'd never more
Come near the baſe Ingrate.

At that ſhe caſt a tempting Smile,
And ſhew'd me ſuch new Charms,
I ſtood, to think upon't awhile,
Then fled into her Arms.

IF beauteous *Kitty* boaſts a Charm,
Her Picture boaſts the ſame;
With Life the glowing Cheeks are warm,
The ſparkling Eyes on flame.

How bold the Strokes! how free the Air!
The Colours how laid on!
We think 'twill leave the Canvaſs bare,
And walk, and talk, anon.

So far, dear Painter, all is well;
And could'ſt thou more expreſs,
Howe'er thy Art the moſt excel,
Thy Piece would pleaſe the leſs.

For he that *Kitty*'s Picture makes,
Makes Beauty's ſelf appear;
But, if it ſpeaks as *Kitty* ſpeaks,
'Tis Folly's ſelf we hear.

AMong the Fair that *Hide-Park Circus* grace,
Canidia ſeeks Admirers of her Face;
In vain her Airs, in vain her Arts ſhe tries,
Among thoſe Beauties that engage all Eyes:
Bright Rays, like Diamonds, they around 'em fling,
Whilſt ſhe is but the *Cypher* of the *Ring*.

AULUS *and* CALENUS: *Imitated from* BUCHANAN.

I Gave *Calenus* once a civil Dun,
He, Courtier-like, cry'd—Pr'ythee get thee gone.
The Sum was—Oh, five thouſand Seſterces;
Thus croſs'd, I went to *Aulus* for Advice;
He bade me proſecute; and ſwore it was
Nothing more Juſt:—ſo undertook the Cauſe.
When ſome five Years he'd had th' Affair in Hand,
For fourſcore Pounds he makes a ſmall Demand.
Leſt the Remainder of my Cauſe ſhould waſte
Th' unequal Stock both of my Days and Cheſt;
What ſhould I do?—I found without a Pauſe,
I left my Lawyer, and I dropp'd my Cauſe.
Sure to be Deaf whene'er *Calenus* ties
His Honour, or when *Aulus* ſhall adviſe.
D'ye ask which moſt I'd ſhun?—my Story tells,
CALENUS *gives* me Words, but AULUS *ſells.*

VENUS *jealous.*

VENUS call'd *Cupid* t'other Day;
(Her Rage ſhe could no longer ſmother)
With *Chloe* always muſt you ſtay?
Where is your Duty to your Mother?
On her inceſſant you attend:
Is not this, Sirrah, very fine?
And now to her all Hearts muſt bend;
Nor pay one Vow at *Venus'* Shrine.
Vain Fears, Mamma, the Urchin cry'd!
You ſtill ſhall reign o'er Gods, and *Jove*:
Chloe to Limits ſtrict is ty'd;
She rules below; but you above.

On a WELSHMAN.

A *Welſhman* coming late into an Inn,
Ask'd the Maid what Meat there was within?
Cow-heels, ſhe anſwer'd, and a Breaſt of Mutton,
But, quoth the *Welſhman*, ſince I am no Glutton
Either of both ſhall ſerve; To-night the Breaſt,
The Heels i'the Morning, then light Meat is beſt:
At Night he took the Breaſt, and did not pay,
I'the Morning took his *Heels*, and ran away.

For LOVE.

TO Love—to Live—juſt the ſame Meaning bear;
For he that Loves not, has of Life no ſhare:
Therefore a Conſort Heaven ordain'd for Man,
Knowing all Bleſſings had been elſe in vain.

Againſt LOVE.

TO Love—to Periſh—the ſame Meaning have,
Had Man ne'er lov'd, he ne'er had been a Slave:
When Heaven forbad the Tree of Knowledge firſt,
Not forming Woman, Man had ne'er been curſt.

From the GREEK.

GREAT *Bacchus*, born in Thunder and in Fire,
By native Heat aſſerts his dreadful Sire,
Nouriſh'd

Nouriſh'd near ſhady Rills, and cooling Streams;
He to the Nymphs avows his am'rous Flames:
To all the Brethren at the *Bell* and *Vine*,
The Moral ſays, Mix Water with your Wine.

To a ROMAN CATHOLICK, *upon Marriage.*

CEnſure and Penances, Excommunication,
Are bug-bear Words to fright a bigot Nation;
But 'tis the Church's more ſubſtantial Curſe,
To damn us all, for better and for worſe.
Falſely your Church ſeven Sacraments does frame,
Penance and Matrimony are the ſame.

The RAKE *of* TASTE.

Throw an Eye into the gay World, what ſee we, for the moſt part, but a Set of querulous, emaciated, fluttering, phantaſtical Beings, worn out in the keen Purſuit of Pleaſure; Creatures that know, own, condemn, deplore, *yet ſtill purſue their own Infelicity? The decay'd* Monuments *of Error! The thin* Remains *of what is call'd Delight.*

Dr. *Young*'s true Eſtimate of Human Life.

IN vain, dear JACK, doſt thou employ thy Youth,
And keep long Vigils, in the Search of Truth;
Study's but Fuel to a prying Mind,
The more we know, the more unknown we find:
The Thirſt of Knowledge, Knowledge does encreaſe,
Raiſes freſh Doubts, and robs us of our Peace.
What do we gain in lab'ring to be Wiſe;
T'encreaſe our Pain, and what we've learn'd deſpiſe?

The

The Miſer thus, will Night and Day employ
To heap up Treaſures, which he'll ne'er enjoy;
His Thirſt of Pelf, encreaſes with his Store,
He pines for Wealth, and is in Plenty Poor.
Away then all your Books;—if fond of Know-
ledge,
Seek it in Town, and quit the muddy College;
Here, the ſoft Sex, here, the enlivening Bottle
Will teach you more than can old *Ariſtotle*.
Far, far from Sight be ev'ry Volume hurl'd,
And read, in Town, the Volume of the World.
Here an eſſential Property you'll find,
Tho' ſtrange to think, is to no Subject join'd;
Subſtance, which doth not of its ſelf ſubſiſt,
And real Nothings, which, in Fact, exiſt:
Here, ev'ry Leaf does contradict our Schools,
Here, Fools are Doctors, only Doctors Fools.
Here, you may learn how blind our Fathers
were,
Who thought a future State deſerv'd their Care:
By Tenets aw'd, Tenets now found abſurd,
They liv'd Abſtemious, and their Paſſions curb'd;
Wrought on by Hopes, in future Life, of Bliſs,
Fondly gave up their Happineſs in this;
Or ſcar'd with Threat'nings of Eternal Fire,
They'd Monks enrich, and from the World retire.
Oh Age of Night! by Brain-ſick Fools like theſe,
Th' indulging Prieſt enjoy'd luxurious Eaſe;
Laugh'd in his Sleeve, when, by the pious Cheat,
He gull'd ſome Ideot of his whole Eſtate;
Sent him to mortify, to faſt and pray,
While he, himſelf, gave ev'ry Paſſion ſway.

Prieſts

Priests of all Sects, the Credulous abuse,
Be they of *Christians*, *Pagans*, *Turks* or *Jews*.
Here you will learn, that Study's Loss of Time,
And Poets need not Sense t'embellish Rhime:
That who drinks most, is most the Man of Merit,
And the gay *Atheist* shews, alone, true Spirit.
Who damns the Clergy, and frequents the Stews,
Dines at *Le Bec's*, does Mother *H—y—d*'s use;
Swears with good Grace, calls Decency a Jest,
Talks without Meaning, Modishly is dress'd;
Sings lustful Songs, and laughs beyond all
Measure,
You'll find for down among the Men of Pleasure.
'Tis true, this Book shews not the by-past Age,
The modern Rate engrosses ev'ry Page.
The lovely Sex without Restraint are gay,
And ev'ry Charm invitingly display;
The shorten'd Coats, th'alluring Limbs reveal,
And shew those Charms I'd have a Wife conceal:
These form Ideas of extatick Joys,
And give Encouragement to bashful Boys.
Their low cut Stays th'enchanting Bosom shew,
And give a Sample of the Heav'n below:
So short's the Sleeve, th'unrapt'rous Youth may
see,
In the plump Arm, a beauteous Symetry.
What Flood of Joy, what Scene of high Delight,
To lie encircled in such Arms all Night!
Press'd to the snowy Breast!—But hold, my
Muse,
Nor let thy Raptures chaster Ears abuse:
Some of the tender Sex so modest are,
A double Meaning wou'd offend the Ear;

So

So quick their Senſe, (abhorring what's obſcene)
They oft diſcover, what (perhaps) none mean:
Yet will theſe Veſtals, whenſoe'er they find
Vigour and Youth, with true Diſcretion join'd,
Throw off th' uneaſy Mask, in which they're dreſs'd,
And all the *Meſſalina* ſtands confeſs'd.
Theſe, wou'd we know their real Character,
We backwards read, as Witches read a Pray'r:
The Modeſt only, are by theſe deem'd rude;
You'll find them in the Leaf which paints the PRUDE.

In the next Page the gay COQUETTE appears,
Sprightly her Looks, and lively are her Airs;
Giddy and Wanton thro' a Croud ſhe darts,
And frankly owns her Aim, to conquer Hearts;
Her Ears are open to each Swain's Diſtreſs,
And ſeems to pity, tho' ſhe can't redreſs:
If home ſhe's urg'd, ſhe takes another Air,
And awes the Timid with a Brow ſevere:
Of Flattery fond, and of Admirers proud,
All Arts ſhe proves, which may augment the Croud:
As vain of Lovers, as ſhe is of Cloaths,
She ſweeps along, with an huge Train of Beaus.
Tell her that ſuch, are little more than Chaff,
She'll anſwer true,—but then they make me laugh;
Women with ſuch, no Reputation looſe,
The Things are innocent—but yet amuſe:
Your Men of Senſe, too ſerious are for me,
And with that Claſs, 'tis dangerous to be free.
At Plays, at Op'ras, and at Maſquerade,
She eagerly purſues a flying Shade;

Pleaſure's her Chace: In this Purſuit ſhe's keen,
And ever ſhifting, with falſe Views, the Scene:
A Wiſh obtain'd, ſhe does a Cloud embrace,
And ſtarts ſome other Object for the Chace:
Eager to graſp what none can e'er acquire,
She hazards Fame to gratify Deſire.
Thus have I ſeen a thoughtleſs Infant run,
And toil and ſweat beneath a mid-day Sun,
To make ſome gaudy Butterfly his Prize,
Which if he does, the painted Inſect dies;
And the poor Child, unknowing of his Good,
A Fever riſques by over-heated Blood.
The Fate of all theſe flutt'ring *Coquette* Things,
Is like the Moth's, which burns, at length, its Wings:
Some puſhing Fop finds an unguarded Hour,
And they are ſubject to a Coxcomb's Pow'r.
This Leaf of Woman let us now turn o'er,
And the gay Part of our own Sex explore.
The Firſt of theſe which we'll produce to Sight,
Read in the Page which treats of the *Polite*.
Behind the Scenes he lolls in decent Pride,
Some fav'rite Actreſs ever by his Side;
Himſelf in Velvet's dreſs'd, or rich Brocade,
For which his Mercer is, perhaps, unpaid:
Or in the Green-Room you will find him ſit,
And criticizing, prove, he is no — Wit.
See in the Streets his gilded Chariot glares,
With Lackeys loaded, drawn by *Flanders* Mares;
Envy'd by Fools, he careleſs ſweeps along,
Like a bright Comet thro' th' admiring Throng.
Cou'd ye but know, ye thoughtleſs Men, who prize
That outſide only which attracts your Eyes,

How

How much he lives a Martyr to his Pride,
Pity wou'd riſe, and Envy wou'd ſubſide:
He inward bears more than a Mother's Throw;
His Air of Eaſe is all an outſide Show.
View him at home, how anxious he's to ſhun,
Or by Invention, to amuſe a Dun.
Th' inſulting Tradeſmen fill his ſpacious Hall,
And he, ſubmiſſive, pays his Court to all;
The harſheſt Things he either will not hear,
Or calmly anſwers with a Bow and Sneer:
Here ev'ry Creditor has Right to teize,
And make his home a real *Little-eaſe*.*
Why will ſuch prove a Man of Honour's
Scourge? ——
Who pays no Debts, whatever Wants they urge!
Why will they thus a vain Attendance dance?
And looſing Time, their Loſs ſuſtain'd, enhance!
Do they not know, Affairs of Weight demand,
What ready Caſh his Lordſhip can command?
Unconſcionable Men! you wou'd be paid;
Tho' by ſuch Means he baulks a *Maſquerade*.
My Lord has Money — well — we grant it true,
It is for *Farinelli* — not for you:
His Lordſhip's Miſtreſs too muſt make a Figure,
She muſt have ready Caſh, ſince *you* won't Rig her.
You wou'd not barb'rouſly a Lady cheat,
That you, your Wives, and bawling Brats may eat!
The Op'ra too, will ready Money take,
His Lordſhip muſt ſubſcribe, his Rep's at Stake:
He ſhou'd

* *A Place of Puniſhment in* Guildhall, London, *for unruly 'Prentices.*

Shou'd he imprudently his Tradeſmen pay,
Where wou'd the Gold be had to keep up Play?
His Lordſhip promis'd—Fools! to think a Lord,
So very unpolite—to keep his Word.
The Morning Tribute of his Patience paid,
His Houſe is clear'd from all theſe Waſps of Trade;
He now reſpires; but is not freed from Fears,
And dreads a Dun in ev'ry Blaſt he hears:
The hunted Deer thus ſtarts at ev'ry Sound,
And ſeems to hear again the deep-mouth'd Hound.
Now to the Senate let us turn our Sight,
And while *Agrippa* pleads the People's Right,
See *him*, with Ballances, intently weigh
His Country's Freedom, 'gainſt his Patron's Pay.
Thus, when the World obey'd all conqu'ring *Rome*,
She was, herſelf, by Luxury o'ercome:
Her boaſted Freedom publickly was ſold,
And the World's Lords became the Slaves of Gold.
Now gaudy Scenes my-raviſh'd Sight ſurprize,
The weſtern Sun leſs gaily paints the Skies!
A variegated lively Race appears,
Tender in Judgment, as they are in Years.
Not Spring itſelf a gayer Sight can yield,
When with freſh Verdure ſhe adorns the Field:
When *Sol* from *Aries* darts reviving Rays,
And meaſures equally the Nights and Days,
The bluſh-red Lilly of the Valley ſprings,
And the *Anemone* of *Britiſh* Kings,
In which the Yellow with the Scarlet vies,
And the ſtrip'd Leaves in beauteous Splendor riſe:

When

When the warm Sun calls forth the blushing Roſe,
And Tulips all their Gaiety diſcloſe;
When the ſweet Lilly raviſhes the Senſe,
And the Jonquils their Fragrancy diſpence;
Not even then, when Nature does diſplay
Th' enamell'd Store, and bids the Earth look gay,
Not then, tho' aided by a *Furber's* * Art,
To glad the Sight, and to rejoyce the Heart,
So great Variety of Colours riſe,
As publick Places offer to our Eyes.

Behold a Pair, Arm link'd in Arm they walk,
That, tall and ſlender as the Lilly's Stalk;
This, like Dwarf *Iris*, wou'd be loſt to Sight,
Were but the Colours of his Dreſs leſs bright:
Theſe and the careleſs Air, in Spight of Size,
Set him to View, and downward force our Eyes:
The yellow Veſt rich lac'd, which ſcarcely reaches
To meet the Waſteband of the Velvet Breeches,
With Coat of Scarlet Shag, ſhow far more gay,
Than the *Viburnum* of *America*.
Here ſee the *Marygold* and *Jeſmine* join'd,
Th' *Ovaria* and the *Martagon* entwin'd.

Look round the Park, to kill the tedious Hours,
You'll find Variety of walking Flow'rs;
More num'rous Forms among theſe pretty Things,
Than the inventive Tender *Ovid* ſings.

Beneath his Hat the *Smart* impounds the Hair,
Swift is his Pace, and martial is his Air;
His oaken Plant, at leaſt, four Foot in Length,
Like an *Herculean* Club denotes his Strength:

Intrepid

* *A noted and very ingenious Gardener at Kenſington.*

Intrepid as his Looks, and by his Start,
You'll learn he has — nor Shame, nor Wit, nor Fear.

Yond pretty Toy, who like a Maiden trips,
In figur'd Crimson Silk, with Female Hips,
Whose Wig on either Side has scarce ten Hairs,
Truss'd to the Crown, and thus most aptly bares
The brilliant Clasp; which in the Neck is worn,
At once to close the Stock, and to adorn;
Whose Sword hangs vertically by his Side,
An harmless Blade, essential to his Pride;
Was for a Girl design'd; but erring Nature,
Has made a Male of the enchanting Creature:
As such, you'll find him in the Senate fit,
As such, write Politicks, and aim at Wit;
But in his Genius, Softness and his Pride,
Spight of all Art, *The Woman will preside.*

With booted Sleeve, the Top with Gold lac'd round,
By which the Arm is most genteely drown'd.
See the gay *Spurius*, with a meanless Air,
His Head scarce peeping thro' the *Solitaire*,
Which hides the Neck, and rises to each Ear.
Happy Invention! for by this confin'd,
The yard-wide Bag's secure from ruffling Wind.
In an half Dress, the busy *Cortex* see,
With Oaken Plant, cut Sleeve, and *Ramellie*;
What diff'rent Schemes employ his working Brain,
Attach'd to Pleasure, and intent on Gain!
Distracted with Amours, new Modes, and Stocks,
He's eat by Taylors, Jobbers, and the P—x.
Behold gay *Varius*, in a Dishabille,
His Cloths are modish, and their Cut genteel;

And

A dark Surtout with a full Ell of Cape,
The Skirts like Petticoats, and ſhort the Shape.
The Velvet Yoke, of faſhionable Taſte,
Drowns both the Shoulders, and conceals the Waſte:
The Bob contracted, with becoming Grace,
Leaves bare the Neck, and amplifies the Face;
His ſhallow Hat, of Trencher-breadth is made,
And proves the Emblem of the Wearer's Head:
The *Saxon* Shoe reviv'd, moſt graceful ſhows,
With the *Dutch* Straps, which buckle at the Toes.

Now view a Set of Youths, Reverſe of theſe,
One ſeem to Study, one to fly their Eaſe;
The latter Noiſe, and Midnight Broils delight,
To ſcour the Watch, or modeſt Matrons fright;
To hurl a Flask, or ſome poor Drawer beat,
And make, at Night, an uproar in the Street:
Theſe boldly into publick Places ruſh,
And glory, when they make the Modeſt bluſh;
They ſwear big Oaths, look big, but really are,
If brought to Tryal, timid as a Hare.
Avoided and abhorr'd were e'er they come,
They've gain'd from all, the Appellation Drum.

Perhaps, you'll ask, where in this Book I'm plac'd,
You'll find me, if you turn to Rakes of Taste;
There Senſe and Learning, with united Force,
Vainly attempt to ſtem the rapid Courſe
Of head-ſtrong Paſſions, whoſe reſiſtleſs Sway
Triumphs o'er all that would impede their Way.

Here Men, you'll find, engage in Virtue's Cauſe,
And ſpeak it eaſy, to obey her Laws;

In her alone, prove real Pleaſure found,
And ſhew, by her, with Happineſs we're crown'd;
Guided, by her, no Storms of Life we fear,
And ſtand unmov'd, tho' Fortune proves ſevere;
With ſcorn look down on ev'ry *Mean* that's baſe,
For Vice alone, the Virtuous think Diſgrace:
The Man of Probity will brave his Fate,
And tho' depreſs'd, he ever will be great.
Virtue does Joy, and Peace of Mind impart,
Extends our Views, and elevates the Heart;
Shews worldly Pleaſures are no more than Name,
Which to Repentance lead, and certain Shame:
When Nature calls us to reſign our Breath,
She ſets our Names beyond the Pow'r of Death.
Such is the Language of our *Rakes of Taſte:*
Who wou'd not think ſuch Men, like *Joſeph*, chaſte,
But oh! my Friend, our Paſſions are too ſtrong,
We know what's right; but yet purſue what's wrong:
Our Reaſon and Philoſophy don't prove
Sufficient guards, againſt the Power of Love.
As Coward Soldiers, when from Danger far,
Slight all the Terrors of deſtructive War;
But when they're led to face them in the Field,
They make no long Reſiſtance e'er they yield:
So we, while diſtant from thoſe lovely Eyes,
Which ſoon or late, make ev'ry Heart their Prize,
While Woman, lovely Woman's not in ſight,
Of Reaſon proud, we ſpeak her Pow'r but ſlight;
Deep in Philoſophy entrench'd we lie,
And all th' Artillery of Love defie:

But, when reſolv'd, we ſee th' ambitious Fair,
In blooming Beauty, panting for the War,
See her by Slights enrag'd, th' Attack prepare;
When ſhe erects her Battery of Charms,
And her bright Eyes with keeneſt Light'ning arms,
Our Courage fails, Reaſon denies its Aid,
Or is unheard, or by ourſelves betray'd;
And we reſiſtleſs, are her Captives made.
Shou'd a Friend's Wife have Charms which dang'rous proye,
Honour ſteps in, and checks encroaching Love;
If he already has poſſeſs'd the Soul,
And hopes to triumph in a Crime ſo foul;
A Crime of all, which leaſt can bear the Light,
We argue not, but ſave ourſelves by Flight:
We feign Excuſes to avoid the Fair,
And fly her Converſe with induſtrious Care.
Pleaſure and Study ſhare our leiſure Time,
And our Exceſſes riſe not to a Crime;
If now and then we give a little Looſe,
And taſte, too freely, of th' inſpiring Juice,
You'll find us gay, but never hear us loud,
Nor ſee us reeling thro' a jibeing Crowd:
We drown not Reaſon, while we chear up Nature,
Nor, by our Follies, furniſh Ground for Satyr.
No mid-night Broils do e'er call forth the Sword,
No Tradeſmen can complain we break our Word:
Th' indulging Fair, who pity'd our Diſtreſs,
May find our Paſſion, not Reſpect, grown leſs;
Her we can't leave, who the laſt Favour grants,
To fall a Prey, or to Contempt, or Wants.

Tho' in all publick Places we are ſeen,
We ſtudy ſtill to keep the happy *Mean*;
A Decency in ev'ry Act's obſerv'd,
We ne'er are over free, or too reſerv'd;
In Point of Dreſs, we with the Mode comply,
Nor with the Coxcomb, nor the Cynick vie.
Detraction is to us a Vice unknown,
We ſee not others Faults, repent our own:
'Tis true, we're frail, but we are ſecret too,
Examples ta'en from us no Youth undo;
For outſide Virtue we expoſe to view.
By wiſe OEconomy we ſomewhat ſpare,
Thus have no Duns, and Strangers live to Care.
All Youths of Senſe, thro' boyiſh Follies paſt,
Fix, at the Length, among us RAKES OF TASTE.
Philoſophy, by this, I've ſhewn is vain,
Too weak our head-ſtrong Paſſions to reſtrain;
For Nature, tho' thruſt out, returns again:
As when with Damms we ſtop a River's Courſe,
The Stream repell'd, comes back with doubled Force.

The OLD GENTRY.

THAT all from *Adam* firſt begun,
Sure none (but *W*——) doubts;
And that his Son, and his Son's Son
Were Ploughmen, Clowns, and Louts.

Here lies the only Diff'rence now;
Some ſhot off late, ſome ſoon;
Your Sires i' th' Morning left their Plough,
And our's i' th' Afternoon.

Beauty:

Beauty: Or, The Art of Charming.

WHAT gives the Maiden Bluſh its loveliest Dye,
Charms in a Smile, or wounds us from an Eye,
The Muſe ſhall ſing. Attend and learn, ye Fair,
The Heart of Man reſiſtleſs to enſnare.
O *Hartford!* born with every Female Charm,
The Eye to raviſh, or the Heart to warm;
Fair in thy Form, ſtill fairer in thy Mind;
With Beauty Wiſdom; Senſe with Sweetneſs join'd:
Great without Pride, and lovely without Art,
Your Looks Good-nature, Words Good-ſenſe impart.
Thus form'd to charm, O deign to hear the Song,
Whoſe beſt, whoſe ſweeteſt Strains to you belong.
Beauty! Thou ſweet Reformer of Mankind!
Poliſh'd by thee, the Clown becomes refin'd;
The Haughty humble, and the Rude well-bred,
The Timorous valiant, and the Bold afraid.
Chear'd by thy Smiles, the Wretch forgets his Woe,
And from thy Frowns our tendereſt Sorrows flow.
Aw'd in thy Preſence, Fops and Smarts forbear
With Jeſts obſcene, to wound the modeſt Ear.
For thee the Warrior bears the rough Campaign,
Nor knows to tremble, but at thy Diſdain.
Inſpir'd by thee, our latent Worth appears,
A brave Ambition fires our early Years
To riſe in Merit, or polite to ſhine,
And all our greateſt, worthieſt Deeds are Thine.
What is this Beauty? What this wond'rous Pow'r,
Which all Mankind in various Forms adore?

Love ſure an Image paints in every Breaſt,
And each purſues the Picture there expreſt.
The Fair, the Black, the Brown, have all their Charm,
Their different Beauties, different Boſoms warm.
Where lies this Charm?—Alas! not in the Skin;
The Life of Beauty riſes from within;
Flows from the Soul, and Animates the Breaſt,
In Words and Actions, Looks and Smiles expreſt.
What gives *Ardelia* that reſiſtleſs Grace?
Nor Roſe nor Lilly's Bloom adorns her Face.
True; but who ſees her ſmile, or hears her ſpeak,
Finds there are Charms that dwell not in the Cheek.
While ſee *Lavinia*; there the ſparkling Eye,
The Roſe and Lilly in their faireſt Dye,
With all the Charms of Face and Shape unite
In vain; her Affectation ſpoils them quite.
And who but ſees or hears her one half Hour,
Finds Red and White are but of feeble Power.
Learn then this Truth of Conſequence to know,
Good Senſe will give the homelieſt Face to glow;
To glow with Charms intrinſically bright,
Fair to the Mind, tho' homely to the Sight.
Without it *Chloe*'s Lip, young *Flora*'s Cheek,
And *Cælia*'s Eye, in vain Admirers ſeek;
Without it fair *Caleſtia* long has mourn'd
A Maid, ſtill wond'ring why her Charms are ſcorn'd.
Whence but from Want of This to guide aright,
So many ſhock us, aiming to delight.
Titteria thinks, to laugh's a Sign of Wit,
Hence every Word is follow'd by a Fit:

Her

Her Face, in which ſome Charms might elſe be ſeen,
Is conſtantly diſtorted with a Grin.
This Indecorum ſage *Prudera* ſees,
And ſtrives with ſtiffen'd Gravity to pleaſe.
In mimick Modeſty demure ſhe ſtands,
Her Apron-ſtrings ſupport her folded Hands.
Nor Smile, nor Frown her equal Viſage wears,
Affectedly unmov'd with all ſhe hears.
The fond *Pigmalion* who makes her his Wife,
Muſt beg the Gods to give his Statue Life.
But ſee *Flirtilla*; pretty little Thing!
Always in Action; flutter, dance and ſing,
Laugh, ogle, ſmile, and bow, and prate, and teaze;
Poor little Poppet, how it ſtrives to pleaſe!
And fine *Emelia* too; ſo fair her Form,
That all ſhe ſays, and all ſhe does, muſt charm;
And one would think ſo: But ſo nice her Care
To ſpeak, to move, with a peculiar Air;
So ſoft, ſo languiſhing, ſo neat, ſo prim,
The pretty Fool is ſeen in every Limb.
But ſhun Extreams. *Blowzella* wants no Charm
Of Wit, or Face, the Heart of Man to warm.
But ſhe's ſo over-free, ſo over-plain,
So unpolite, ſo aukward, ſo ungain,
So much above all Thought or Care of Dreſs,
So much a Blowze, ſo very much a *Beſs*,
That did not *William* follow when ſhe goes,
The World might think my Lady *William*'s Spouſe.
Some hope to charm (forbear the vain Pretence)
With Learning, Wit, and more than common Senſe.
Deep read in Miſtery and Holy Writ,
They dearly love to poſe a poor Man's Wit:

Queſtion

Queſtion on Queſtion wildly they propound,
'Till, with the World, their giddy Heads turn round.
Study Sir *Iſaac* at the Paſtry-School,
And make Mince-Pies by Mathematic Rule.
Know every Art, and every Science teach,
Of nothing Ignorant —— but how to Stitch.
Forgive the Muſe, who owns the Famale Mind
Is doubly fair with Knowledge, when refin'd;
Doubly engaging to a Man of Senſe;
She only bids —— beware the falſe Pretence.
But various Paſſions Female Minds engage,
Some, ſcorning Theſe, a War with Learning wage;
A modiſh Ignorance with Pride confeſs,
And hate all Arts, but the dear Art of Dreſs.
Their Hopes to charm in Paint and Powder lie,
In Gold, in Diamonds, and Embroidery.
Before the Toilet ſit from Morn to Night,
Then riſe from *Betty*'s Hands divinely bright.
Ah learn, ye Fair, your native Charms to prize!
The more you dreſs, you but the more diſguiſe:
Leave to the Beaus your pretty prinking Art,
Of late ſo zealous to uſurp the Part.
Thus far the Muſe unwilling has purſu'd
A Task ungrateful, but of general Good.
Juſt touch'd your Foibles with a gentle Hand,
Too kind to laſh, too young to reprimand:
Blam'd your wrong Conduct, only to excite
To what is really charming, virtuous, right.
But is your Art, ſage Maſter, only taught
From the falſe Conduct, and the vicious Draught?
Are juſt Examples in this Age ſo rare,
As none are found that might engage the Fair?
O yes!

O yes! from Theſe the Muſe her Precepts draws,
Her Art ſhe borrows hence, and hence her Laws.
Turn then, ye Fair, from Pictures you deſpiſe,
And here, with Emulation, fix your Eyes.
See lovely *S—ym—r*, charming to the Sight,
Her Face, her Shape, her Smile Mankind's Delight.
But tho' adorn'd with each external Grace,
Soft blooming Beauty bluſhing in her Face;
Tho' all the Graces ſparkle in her Eyes;
Tho' Love in Ambuſh on her Boſom lies;
Yet theſe not half her Charms: Her ſnowy Breaſt
Is doubly fair, fair Virtue is its Gueſt.
Good-nature gives her Eyes to ſhine more bright,
The Sweet Complexion of her Soul is white:
White with chaſte Innocence, and Peace ſerene,
And all her Charms are heighten'd from within.
See beauteous *Sh—ts—ry*, eminently bright,
At once our Admiration and Delight.
An eaſy Smile adorns her lovely Mien;
Gay ſparkling Beauty in her Eyes is ſeen.
But ſearch within: Their Charm they borrow thence:
Good-nature forms the Smile, the Look Good-ſenſe.
With Rapture ſee all Nature's Graces meet,
In *R-hm-d*'s beauteous Frame, and ſhine complete.
Refin'd from Heaven with all that's fair and good;
And warm'd with all the Charms of Fleſh and Blood;
Such melting Sweetneſs, ſuch a Heaven of Love
Again might tempt, but ne'er would yield to Jove.
But ſee, ſuperior to the fineſt Pen,
Q—sb—ry, the Darling both of Gods and Men.
So fair her Mind, her Angel Form ſo bright,
'Tis hard to ſay which gives us moſt Delight:

Each

Each heightens each; in both th' engaging Power
So ſweetly mixt, that neither can have more.
But theſe inimitable: Here you view
Th' united Force of Senſe and Beauty too;
Divine Conjunction! and ſupream in each,
All may admire, but few can hope to reach.
And thus the Charms of Feature, when com-
bin'd
With Virtue, Senſe, and Beauties of the Mind,
Are lovely, then indeed we muſt confeſs,
But 'tis to theſe they owe their Lovelineſs:
And theſe our Art wou'd teach: If bleſt with theſe,
Or Fair, or Brown, you all have Charms to pleaſe.
Has Heaven then to your Form not been ſo
kind,
Mourn not the Loſs; adorn yourſelf with Mind:
From thence a Source of various Charms ſhall
riſe,
More amiable than Lips, or Cheeks, or Eyes.
What is the blooming Tincture of a Skin,
To Peace of Mind? To Harmony within?
What the bright Sparkling of the fineſt Eye,
To the ſoft Soothing of a calm Reply?
Can Comelineſs of Form, or Shape, or Air,
With Comelineſs of Words and Deeds compare?
No; Thoſe at firſt th' unwary Heart may gain,
But Theſe, Theſe only can that Heart retain.
Florella, bleſt with every outward Grace,
Shape, Air, Complexion, and a beauteous Face,
Had long Imperial Tyranny maintain'd
O'er gentle *Damon*, and his Suit diſdain'd.
Vain of her Charms, ſhe thought his Heart her own,
Thought Life and Death was in her Smile or Frown;

And

And oft when tenderest Words told how he lov'd,
The fair Coquet was but with Laughter mov'd;
Thought his fond Sighs the Tribute of her Beauty,
And all his Love no more than just his Duty.
Nor car'd to Please, nor sought to heal his Smart,
Fond of the Power to tantalize his Heart.
O what the Pangs which slighted Lovers feel,
Those who have felt them only can reveal!
Damon, unable to conceal his Grief,
In Silence and Retirement sought Relief.
Convers'd no more; refus'd or Food or Rest,
The soft Disease still growing in his Breast.
What shall he do? The vain imperious Fair,
Nor hears his Love, nor feels his tender Care.
Regardless of his Woe, new Vows receives,
Proud of the Pleasure, and the Pain she gives.
One Day all pensive leaning on his Arm,
In Fancy fondly viewing every Charm,
Appears a Sister of the lovely Dame,
His bosom Friend, *Carissa* was her Name.
Carissa, neither blest with Charms of Face,
Nor Shape, nor Air, nor any outward Grace,
Yet shines a Beauty purely from within,
There are the Loves, and there the Graces seen.
Mild as the gentle Breath of blooming *May*,
Sweet as its Flowers, and chearful as its Day.
Yet soft Compassion oft bedew'd her Eyes,
Her Breast at others Grief would heave with Sighs.
No envious Passions mov'd her Hate or Spleen,
Her Heart was friendly, and her Soul serene.
Pleas'd in herself, she seem'd no Care to know,
But the soft Pain of pitying others Woe.

To her, his well-known Friend, the Youth addreſt,
Told all his Grief, his tender Flame confeſt;
Begg'd her Aſſiſtance powerful to perſwade,
And move to Pity the relentleſs Maid.
Griev'd with his Grief, the tender Fair comply'd,
A thouſand ways to gain her Sifter try'd;
Now urg'd his Worth, and now his Wealth to move,
But more than all the reſt his tender Love.
In vain; the fluttering Beauty ſtill denies,
Nor hears *Cariſſa*'s Words, nor *Damon*'s Sighs.
This when ſhe told, tranſfix'd with Grief he ſtood,
The ſilent Tears run down a trickling Flood.
Health, Strength, and Beauty, leave his manly Frame,
And ghaſtly Sickneſs, pale and meagre came.
A real Fever now his Veins poſſeſt,
And deeper Anguiſh ſeiz'd upon his Breaſt.
Touch'd to the Soul, *Cariſſa*, tender Maid,
All Means of Comfort and Relief eſſay'd.
Now feeds with flattering Hopes of kind Return,
Now fortifies his Mind againſt her Scorn;
Prepares his Medicines, or directs his Food,
With all the friendly Offices of Good.
Long Time he languiſh'd, but to eaſe her Toil,
Returning Health at length began to ſmile;
And with his Health his Reaſon too return'd,
No more his Breaſt for vain *Florella* burn'd.
His Eyes now open, from blind Paſſion clear,
The Beauties of *Cariſſa* all appear;

Fair to the Mind, agreeable to Sight,
Love, Reaſon, Virtue, in her Cauſe unite.
With ſecret Pleaſure ſhe perceiv'd the Change,
Yet ſuch her Modeſty ſhe thought it ſtrange;
Unconſcious of the Beauties of her Soul,
She fear'd *Florella*'s Eyes might ſtill controul.
When thus young *Damon*, —— "O thou lovely Fair!
"Hear now my Love, and now my Reaſon hear;
"Where has that Love, and where that Reaſon "been,
"That thy fair Charms till now were never ſeen?
"Strange Blindneſs! Folly! — O believe it true,
"What Beauty was till now I never knew,
"Nor what was Love. 'Twas Madneſs all-en- "raging,
"A Mutiny of wild Deſires engaging.
"Here 'tis ſoft Peace, and mutual Joy ſincere,
"Here every Word and every Look endear.
"Beauty, is Harmony in Deed and Thought;
"And Love, true Friendſhip to Perfection "brought.
"Come then, my Fair, theſe tender Vows receive,
"Forget my Folly, and my Love believe:
"Bleſt in thy Arms my future Days I'll ſpend,
"Thy Husband, Guardian, Comforter, and "Friend.
With bluſhing Sweetneſs ſhe receiv'd a Kiſs,
Believ'd his Vows, nor long delay'd his Bliſs.

The Story of Iphis *and* Anaxarete, *from the* XIVth *Book of* Ovid's Metamorphoſis.

To CÆLIA.

WHEN great *Auguſtus*, by Decrees of Fate,
Had quell'd his Foes, and gain'd the *Latian* State;
When his brave *Romans*, free from Wars Alarms,
Had now no longer Need for uſeleſs Arms;
Then *Ovid* did with tender Stories move
Their rougher Hearts, and taught them how to love:
He ſung *Corinna* in immortal Strains,
And taught her Beauties to the liſt'ning Swains.
The Youths with Pleaſure read his charming Lines,
Which turn'd their ſtubborn Souls for new Deſigns.
They long'd no more for Glory gain'd in War,
But Love! ſuperior Love! was now their only Care.
Each ſtrove to find an Object for his Flame,
And boldly then confeſt his Paſſion to his Dame.
Told her the wond'rous Magic of her Eyes,
In am'rous tender Words, and ſhort-breath'd Sighs.
That was the Language met with moſt Regard,
For Paſſion then to Int'reſt was preferr'd.
No lovely Maid was by her Parents ſold,
Or forc'd to take a Fop, becauſe h'had Gold.
Ill Uſage too was odious to the Fair,
And not a Youth was driven to Deſpair. ——
Thou *Cælia* then, who art by Nature bleſt,
With thoſe bright Charms that are by few poſſeſt,
Liſten, oh! liſten to thy Swain's Complaint,
And, oh! with Pity at my Pains relent!

Hear

Hear what the Gods to cruel Maids have done,
Then let thy Favour now to me be shown,
And, with a just Return, my faithful Passion crown.
A Story, sung by *Ovid*, I relate,
Of constant Love that was repaid with Hate;
But grant, my *Celia*, mine may be like *Ovid's* Fate.
Like him, let me enjoy the Sweets of Love,
Let me, like him, the mighty Pleasure prove,
Which happy Lovers here, and Gods possess above.
Let me, altho' unworthy, let me find
That thou, like his *Corinna*, art inclin'd
To one that loves sincerely to be kind.
Let me not be, like *Iphis*, doom'd to mourn
Unjust Disdain, and Love repaid with Scorn,
And in tormenting Flames, without Redress, burn.
Descended from the Royal *Teucer's* Race
Anaxarete liv'd, with ev'ry Grace
Adorn'd, that cou'd become a beauteous Face.
This Maid, was by the wretched *Iphis* seen,
Whose Fortune and whose Birth, to her's, was mean.
He saw her, and he found, alas! too soon,
A subtle Flame, which did like Lightning run,
Had fir'd his Blood, and settl'd in his Bone.
What shou'd he do? at first, with Reason's Aid,
He strove to cure the Wounds which Love had made.
But Reason's Help prov'd fruitless all, and vain,
Or to expel the God, or ease his Pain.

Then

Then to her House he came, and there confeſt
To the ſage Nurſe, the Torments of his Breaſt.
Begg'd her, by all her Hopes, to help his Care,
And ſhew his Suff'rings to the haughty Fair.
The Servants too he humbly try'd to win,
And their Aſſiſtance begg'd to favour his Deſign.
With paſſionate Letters oft had he eſſay'd,
To melt the Heart of the obdurate Maid.
With Garlands oft, her Gates did he adorn,
And oft, whole Nights, beneath her Windows mourn
The unrelenting Fair one's cruel Scorn.
But ſhe, more deaf than raging Seas, more hard
Than Steel or Rocks, unmov'd, had no Regard,
Or to his Paſſion wou'd return the leaſt Reward.
But ſcorns and ſlights him, and, t' increaſe his Grief,
Robs him of Hope, the Lover's laſt Relief.
No longer cou'd th' impatient *Iphis* bear
Uſage like this, but driven to Deſpair,
Reſolves to end his Days, with them his Care.
Yet e'er he executes his dire Intent,
Before her Door he makes this laſt Complaint.—
'Tis done—Thou cruel Maid! the fatal Hour
Draws near, when I ſhall trouble you no more.
Pleas'd with my Fall, with Triumph you may boaſt,
That by your Scorn a wretched Youth was loſt.
Sing joyful Paeans then, inhuman Fair,
And round your Temples Wreaths of *Laurel* wear.
Something I'll do, at leaſt ſhall grateful prove,
And ſhew you, by my Death, how well I love.

Yet

Yet, oh! remember, while I Life enjoy'd,
My lateſt Thoughts were all on you employ'd.
That all my Wiſhes ſtill to you did tend,
But with my Life, nor cou'd my Paſſion end.
Nor ſhall it only be by Rumour ſaid,
But you yourſelf ſhall ſee that I am dead;
Shall view my breathleſs Body with Delight,
And with the diſmal Object gratify your Sight.
And ye, ye Pow'rs, if ye obſerve below
The Pain which wretched Lovers undergo,
Grant that my Name to future Times may live,
And for contracted Life, immortal Glory give.
This ſaid, no longer he defers his Fate,
But ends his hapleſs Life before her Gate;
Op'ning the Door, the Servants with Surprize
Behold the Youth, and fill the Houſe with Cries;
Loud they lament, but all, alas! in vain,
For he was gone, ——————
Never, ah! never to return again.
They took him up, and to his Mother bore
The Body, for his Sire was dead before:
Cold as he was, ſhe claſpt him to her Breaſt,
And in her Arms her Lifeleſs Son embrac'd.
Then for the Darling of her Soul lament,
And frantickly exclaims in loud Complaints. —
The Body next, with Crowds of mourning Friends,
The Mother to the Fun'ral Pile attends.
By the Maid's Houſe they paſs, and fill the Skies
With lamentable Groans and diſmal Cries.
The mournful Sounds ſoon reach'd her cruel Ears,
For whom a juſt Reward th' avenging God prepares.

Urg'd

Urg'd by her preſſing Fate, Let's ſee (ſhe cries)
This miſerable Lover's Obſequies.
She came, and ſaw, but ſoon as ſhe beheld
Th' unhappy Lover, whom her Scorn had kill'd,
Her Eyes were fix'd, and from her Body fled
The Blood, and univerſal Paleneſs did ſucceed.
She try'd, but all in vain, her Feet to move,
She ſtrove to turn her Head———
But ſtill in vain the wretched Virgin ſtrove.
The Hardneſs, which before poſſeſt her Heart,
Now ſeiz'd on all, and ran thro' ev'ry Part:
Turn'd into Stone, a Warning ſhe remains
To thoſe who ſlight their faithful Lovers Pains.

To LUCINDA.

TELL me, *Lucinda*, prithee tell me how
I've merited this cold Diſdain from you?
To you my Youth and earlieſt Vows I gave,
And at firſt Sight confeſt myſelf your Slave:
My Liberty I loſt, and to your Eyes
Reſign'd my Soul a willing Sacrifice;
I look'd no farther, but ſurrender'd all,
And thought 'twas glorious by ſuch Charms to fall.
My new-born Flame preſented to my View
Vaſt coming Joys, and urg'd me to purſue
The mighty Bliſs I hop'd to find in you.
I felt new Pleaſures and unknown Deſires,
Strange are the Thoughts a Woman's Charms inſpires:
'Twas Angel all that firſt appear'd to Sight,
And fill'd my Soul with Rapture and Delight:

But,

But, oh! I little thought that I shou'd find
That Angel's Form a Covert to a Fiend.
Oft sighing at your Feet I trembling lay,
And curst the Time that past so fast away,
For I had always something new to say.
A generous Return for this you've made,
And I'm for all my Love, by you betray'd:
With smiling Flattery you drew me on,
That I might more compleatly be undone.
But tho' o'er me you once cou'd boast Commands,
Your Empire, Tyrant, is now at an end;
I neither value any Smile nor Frown,
This can't transport me, nor that cast me down.
Like you, I disavow all future Flame,
And from my Heart raze out your hated Name.
For other Cullies now your Arts prepare,
For I've found out, and so can shun the Snare;
I'm Proof against your Charms, I'll love no more,
But furiously disdain what I ador'd before;
I from the loathsome Banks will smoothly steer
Into the Arms of some more faithful Fair.

To the Honourable Mrs. ******,

Madam,

SHou'd I be silent, shou'd I still conceal
My raging Passion, 'twou'd itself reveal.
And you must have perceiv'd my wild Despair,
Unless you're more Insensible than Fair:
My Eyes, my Sighs, and all my Motions shew
I Love, I Languish, and I Die for you.
Cou'd you behold my Trembling and Surprize,
And how I've feasted on your dazling Eyes;

Cou'd you behold my Soul with Rapture mov'd,
Cou'd you behold it, and not think I lov'd?
I from your Charms a thousand Ills endure
Unless you've Pity to afford a Cure.
As far as you your beauteous Sex excel,
From common Tortures are the Pains I feel;
Cou'd I describe to you, but half my Pain,
You would not strive t'increase it with Disdain.
Think, O thou Charmer! think what 'tis to bear
The Wracks and Tortures of a wild Despair:
Think what it is to spend whole Nights and Days
Without the Respite of a Moment's Ease!
Think what it is to have before my Eyes
A View of Heaven, and ne'er must taste its Joys:
Then think what 'tis to have your lovely Charms
Within my Sight, yet absent from my Arms.—
Let not my Love offend, nor let it meet,
Instead of thine, with Anger, Scorn, or Hate:
Permit me, if my Flame deserves no more,
To tell how much I languish and adore;
To shew the Torture that my Soul endures,
That's form'd for you, and can be only

Yours.

Upon one stealing a Pound of Candles.

Light-finger'd *Catch*, to keep his Hands in ure,
Stole any Thing; of this you may be sure,
That he thinks all his own which once he handles,
For Practice Sake, did steal a Pound of Candles;
Was taken in the Act: Oh! foolish Wight!
To steal such Things as needs must come to *Light*.

Imitated

Imitated from BUCHANAN.

I Know not whether in *Narcissus'* Glass,
Matchless *Corinna*, you e'er saw your Face;
But this I know — with Beauties all your own,
Matchless *Corinna* is enamour'd grown.
The Youth some Reason for his Frenzy had;
What made him so, made many others mad.
Your Cause is less, therefore your Madness more;
Without a Rival, you yourself adore.

A CHARACTER.

SOmetimes to Sense, sometimes to Nonsense Leaning;
But always blund'ring round about his Meaning.

MYRA *in her Riding-Habit.*

WHEN *Myra* in her Sex's Garb we see,
The Queen of Beauty then she seems to be;
Now, fair *Adonis*, in this Male Disguise,
Or *Cupid*, killing with his Mother's Eyes:
No Stile of Empire's chang'd by this Remove,
Who seem'd the Goddess, seems the God of Love.

MISS for the Court-Service is quickly prepar'd,
And thinks it no Burthen upon her,
Unmindful that there no Task is so hard,
As that of a *Maid of Honour*.

On a Gentleman who died the Day after his Lady.

SHE first departed; he for one Day try'd
To live without her; lik'd it not, and dy'd.

Imitated from BUCHANAN.

PHYLLIS, my Thoughts you often pray,
About your Face's Wearing,
Yet never credit what I say,
Until your hear me Swearing.
Then may I want a Place to dwell in,
And a kind buxom She,
If I think *Læda*, nay, or *Helen*,
Can be compar'd with thee.

For Heroes did these Damsels woe,
Yet sigh'd in sober Sadness:
Whoever falls in Love with you,
Runs headlong into Madness.

A Cure for POETRY.

EVen wealthy Towns contend for *Homer* dead,
Thro' which the living *Homer* begg'd his Bread.

BASIA: *Or, The Pleasures of Kissing.*

KISS I.

WHEN *Venus*, in the sweet *Idalian* Shade,
A Vi'let Couch for young *Ascanius* made:
Their op'ning Gems th'obedient Roses bow'd,
And veil'd his Beauties with a Damask Cloud:
While the bright Goddess, with a gentle Show'r
Of Nectar'd Dews, perfum'd the blissful Bow'r.
Of Sight insatiate, She devours his Charms,
'Till her soft Breast re-kindled Ardor warms:
New Joys tumultuous in her Bosom roll,
And all *Adonis* rushes on her Soul.
Transported with each dear-resembling Grace,
She cries, "*Adonis!*——*Sure I see thy Face!*

Then

Then ſtoops to claſp the beauteous Form, but fears
He'd wake too ſoon, and with a Sigh forbears.
Yet, fix'd with ſilent Rapture, ſtands to gaze;
Kiſſing each flow'ry Bud that round Him plays.
Swell'd with her Touch, each animated Roſe
Expands; and ſtrait with warmer Purple glows:
Where Infant *Kiſſes* bloom, a balmy Store!
Redoubling all the Bliſs ſhe felt before.
Sudden, her Swans career along the Skies,
And o'er the Globe the fair *Celeſtial* flies.
Then as were *Ceres* paſs'd, the teeming Plain
Yellow'd, with wavy Crops of Golden Grain;
So, fruitful *Kiſſes* fell were *Venus* flew,
And by the Pow'r of *Genial Magic* grew
A plenteous Harveſt! which She deign'd t'impart
To ſooth an agonizing love-ſick Heart.
All hail, Ye Roſeat *Kiſſes!* who remove
Our Cares, and cool the Calentures of Love.
Lo! I, your Poet, in melodious Lays
Bleſs you kind Pow'r; enamour'd of your Praiſe:
Lays! form'd to laſt, 'till barb'rous Time invades
The *Muſes* Hill, and withers all their Shade.
Sprung from the * *Guardian* of the *Roman* Name,
In *Roman* Numbers live, ſecure of Fame.

KISS II.

AS the young enamour'd Vine
Round her Elms delights to twine;
As the claſping Ivy throws,
Round the Oak, her wanton Boughs:

* *Venus,*

So cloſe, expanding of thy Charms,
Fold me, *Neæra*, in thy Arms!
Cloſer, *Neæra*, cou'd it be,
Wou'd my fond Arms incircle thee.
The jovial Friend ſhall tempt in vain,
With Humour, Wit, and brisk *Champaign*;
In vain ſhall *Nature* call for *Sleep*;
We'll *Love*'s eternal *Vigils* keep.
Thus, thus for ever let us lie;
Diſſolving in Exceſs of Joy;
'Till *Fate* ſhall with one ſingle Dart,
Transfix the Pair it cannot part.
Thus join'd, we'll fleet like *Venus*' Doves,
And ſeek the bleſt *Elyſian* Groves,
Where *Spring* in roſy Triumph reigns
Perpetual o'er the joyous Plains.
There, *Lovers* of *Heroic* Name,
Revive their long-extinguiſh'd Flame;
And o'er the fragrant Vale advance,
In ſhining Pomp to form the Dance:
Or ſing of *Love* and gay *Deſire*,
Reſponſive to the warbling Lyre;
Reclining-ſoft in bliſsful Bow'rs,
Purpled-ſweet with ſpringing Flowers:
And cover'd with a ſilken Shade
Of Laurel, mixt with Myrtle, made;
Where, flaunting in immortal Bloom,
The Musk-Roſe ſcents the verdant Gloom;
Thro' which the whiſp'ring *Zephyrs* fly
Softer than a Virgin's Sigh.
When we approach thoſe bleſt Retreats,
Th' Aſſembly ſtrait will leave their Seats:

Admiring much the matchleſs Pair;
So fond the Youth, the Nymph ſo fair;
Daughters and *Miſtreſſes* to *Jove*,
By *Homer* fam'd of old for *Love*;
In Homage to thy matchleſs Grace,
Will give Preheminence of Place.
Helen herſelf will ſoon agree
To riſe, and yield her Rank to thee.

KISS III.

ONE tender *Kiſs*, (I try'd) *ſweet blooming Maid*,
When on my Lips her Lips *Neera* laid:
But, juſt prepar'd the promis'd Sweets to take,
Lo! quick her nimble Lips my Lips forſake.
Quick! as when ſtarting back, in wild Surprize,
The new trod Snake th' unwary Trav'ler flies.
But now, my eager Paſſion to allay,
Compleat, *ſweet blooming Maid*, the am'rous Play;
This was to mock, *my Life*, not ſcant the Bliſs;
This gave a Thirſt of *Kiſſing*, but no *Kiſs*.

KISS IV.

NOT *Kiſſes* thy fond Lips diffuſe;
But *Nectar'd* Sweets! *Ambroſial* Dews!
Sweets! that recal the Soul from Death!
Such! as not Thyme, with balmy Breath;
Such! as not Nard, in Spicy Gales;
Such! as not Cinnamon exhales!
Such! as ev'n Virgin Stores excel!
Which, labouring Bees, in waxen Cell,
Beneath their Oſier Roof diſtil:
Drawn from *Hymettus'* fragrant Hill;

Or

Or gather'd in *Cetropian* Bowers!
Where blooms the Roſe, celeſtial Flower!
Not *Kiſſes* thy fond Lips diffuſe;
But *Nectar'd* Sweets! *Ambroſial* Dews!

Theſe, if thus laviſh, you beſtow;
Sudden ſhall *immortal* grow!
Sudden! to *Gods*, exalted riſe,
And ſhare the Banquets of the *Skies*!

Then, ah, forbear, *ſweet Maid*, forbear!
Spare, for my Sake, thy Bounty ſpare!
Or thou thyſelf *immortal* grow!
For without thee, *Neæra*, know;
E'v'n to the *Gods* I wou'd not riſe:
Nor ſhare the Banquets of the *Skies*:
No; not tho' all the *Pow'rs above*;
The *Daughters* and the *Wives* of *Jove*;
Wou'd my ſuperior *God-head* own;
And ſeat me on the *Starry Throne*.

KISS V.

WHEN thou, profuſe of heav'nly Charms,
Around me throw'ſt thoſe tender Arms;
And with that Neck, which lovely twines;
And with that Breaſt, which ſoft declines;
And with that ſweetly-witching Face;
Hang on me thus, in fond Embrace.

When thou, thoſe am'rous Lips of thine,
Fit'ſt to theſe am'rous Lips of mine;
Thoſe Lips! that thus, in rapt'rous Bliſs,
Give and receive the *wounding Kiſs*; ——
Give and receive the *trembling Dart*; ——
Sweet Play! ſoft-thrilling to the Heart!

Or

Or when thy Soul, or mine poſſeſt,
My Life draws from my glowing Breaſt:
My Life! which ſcorching Heats deſtroy!
Burnt with Exceſs of fierceſt Joy!
Or when thy Soul calls mine from Death,
And wafts new Life with humid Breath:
That Breath! which Vital Air reſpires!
And kindly cools my raging Fires!
Then, dear *Neæra*, thus I cry:
(Then! as 'twixt Death and Life I lie,)
" *Love* is a Pow'r, all Power's above!
" There is no *greater* Pow'r than Love!
" Or if a *Greater* we allow,
" *Greater* than *Love*: That *Pow'r art Thou.*

KISS VI.

TWO thouſand *Kiſſes*, (in Exchange of *Hearts*)
As ſoft and ſweet as *mutual Love* imparts
Of *mutual Faith*, the Terms we jointly make,
I give a *Thouſand*, and a *Thouſand* take.
Fairly you paid the Number, *gracious Maid!*
Were *Love*, by any Number, fairly paid!
But *Love*, alas! to Number never yields.
The Blades, who numbers, of well-water'd Fields!
Who, *Queen of Plenty*, that extolls thy Praiſe,
Intreats thee, *Ceres*, number'd Ears to raiſe?
Who, *Bacchus*, that thy pleaſing Pow'r adores,
An hundred Cluſters ſervilely implores?
Who, *Pales*, that thy bounteous Aid demands,
Lifts for a thouſand Bees vain ſuppliant Hands?
When *Jove* deſcends in Floods of *Genial* Rains,
Who tells the Drops that cheer the thirſty Plains?

Or when the *God* aſſumes ſeverer Arms;
With driving Winds the troubled *Air* alarms;
And Icy Bolts, o'er *Earth*, o'er *Ocean* pours;
Computes the Fragments of the rat'ling Show'rs?
All Things that fall to Mortals from the *Skies*,
Ætherial Gifts! to Infinite ariſe.
Whether auſpicious or averſe they prove;
A Majeſty that ſuits the Houſe of *Jove!*
Then why, *bright Goddeſs!*—(for that *Heav'nly* Face
Speaks thee a *Goddeſs* of *Celeſtial* Race;
Speaks thee ev'n *Her* in Beauty to excel,
Who roams o'er the vaſt Deeps with a vagrant Shell.)
Why ſo exact, thy *Attributes Divine*,
Kiſſes to bounded Numbers to confine?
Yet *Cruel*, number not my ceaſe-leſs Sighs;
Nor Tears for ever trickling from my Eyes!
Number, at will, for ev'ry Tear a *Kiſs*;
But number not, without the Pain, the Bliſs.
Or give, to eaſe my Doubts, and lay my Fears,
Kiſſes un-number'd, for un-number'd Tears.

KISS VII.

KIſſes, in Rapture uncontroul'd,
An *Hundred* by an *Hundred* told;
An *Hundred*, yet too ſcanty Store,
Told by an ample *Thouſand* o'er;——
A *Thouſand*, yet, e'er I retrain,
Told by a *Thouſand* o'er again——
As many *Thouſands* as before,
Told by as many *Thouſands* more,
As are the Drops that fill the Main,
Or Stars that gild th' *Ætherial Plain*;——

All

All *Theſe*, and *Millions* yet untold; ——
While thee, thus cloſely, I unfold,
Cloſely I'll give theſe Roſy Cheeks;
This *Lip* that ſwells, this *Eye* that ſpeaks!
As fondly claſping, Arms in Arms,
Thy Lover thus devours thy Charms,
And reaping *Kiſſes* now he ſeeks,
Thoſe Fields of Roſes, blooming *Cheeks*;
Now, to thoſe *Lips*, ſoft-ſwelling, flies!
Now, to thoſe ſweetly ſpeaking *Eyes!*
In vain thy reſtleſt Lover ſeeks,
To view thoſe roſy-blooming *Cheeks?*
Nor roſy-blooming *Cheeks* he ſpies,
Nor ſwelling *Lips*, nor ſpeaking *Eyes*,
Nor yet that Look of pleaſing Smiles;
That Look! which all his Cares beguiles.
That Look! which, (as the *God of Day*
Chaſes the gath'ring Clouds away,
When thro' mid *Æther*, mildly bright,
He guides the lucid *Steeds* of *Light*,
Diſpels the Shades, corrects the Storms,
And all the *Face* of *Heav'n* reforms:)
Still beaming-ſoft, with golden Rays,
The Tumults of his Soul allays,
Drives from his Eyes all mournful Tears,
Drives from his Thoughts all gloomy Fears.
What jealous Wars, the while, ariſe,
Sweet Maid! between my *Lips* and *Eyes!*
While to poſſeſs *Thee*, all entire,
Now *Theſe*, now *Thoſe* by Turns aſpire!
How ſhall I think to ſhare thy Love?
How bear a Rival, ev'n of *Jove?*

When ſcarce my *Eyes* thy Beauties ſhare!
And ſcarce my *Lips* for Rivals bear!

KISS VIII.

BY what Folly ill-betray'd,
Witleſs Creature; *Thoughtleſs Maid*!
By what madding Fury ſtung,
Could'ſt thou hurt this harmleſs *Tongue*?
Sped by thee, becauſe no Dart
Errs from my unguarded Heart;
Seems ſuch Ill, no Art can cure,
Such! ſo eaſy to indure?
That, new Weapons to deſtroy
On this *Tongue* thou ſhould'ſt employ?
Tongue! that wont with Suns that riſe;
Wont, with Suns that quit the Skies,
Thro' ſad Nights, thro' tedious Days:
Tongue! ever want to ſing thy Praiſe?
This is he, the faithful *Tongue*,
That ſo oft thy Praiſes ſung.
Sung! thoſe Locks of eaſy Flow!
Sung! thoſe Breaſts of Virgin Snow!
Sung! that Neck, which lovely twines!
Sung! that Eye, which wanton ſhines!
Sung! in ſuch harmonious Lays,
As to *Heav'n Neæra* raiſe;
Far beyond the *Fires* of *Jove*:
Envy of all the *Gods above*!
This! that ſung thee, my Delight!
Thee! ſole Pleaſure of my Sight!
Thee! ſole Rapture of my Heart!
Thee! my Soul's far better Part!

Thee!

Thee! my Paſſion! Thee! my Love!
Thee! my Turtle! Thee! my Dove!
Sung! in ſuch harmonious Lays,
As to *Heav'n Neæra* raiſe;
Envy of the *Gods above?*
Envy of *Venus*, as of *Jove!*
Say, or hence proceeds thy Pride!
(*Apt in Beauty to confide!*)
Hence thy Pow'r? (*Tyrannick Fair!*)
That he ſtoops thoſe Wrongs to bear.
By no Inſult mov'd, or Pain,
From thy Praiſes to abſtain.
Still extolling to the Skies,
Thoſe delicious Lips and Eyes!
Ev'n thoſe Teeth, ill-govern'd Arms!
Wanton Authors of his Harms!
Stamm'ring 'midſt his bleeding Wounds,
Still he ſings in broken Sounds!
Apt in Beauty to confide!
Fair Tyrant! hence thy Pow'r and Pride.

KISS IX.

BE not ſtill *kiſſing* me, ſtill ſmiling,
Always fond, and always willing;
Sweetly ſpeaking, ſoftly ſighing,
Ever on my Boſom lying!
All Things have their certain Meaſure;
Narrow Bounds are fix'd to Pleaſure.
Whate'er affects with moſt Delight,
Sooneſt cloys the Appetite.
When I for *thrice-three Kiſſes* ſue,
Take *Sev'n* away, and grant but Two;

Yet

Yet *Neither* long, nor balmy *Neither*;
Such, as the Virgin gives her Father!
And chaſte as *Thoſe* that are beſtow'd
By *Cynthia* on her *Brother-God*!
Then ſtart from me, in wanton Play,
And trip, with ſwimming Pace away;
Into ſome ſecret Corner fly,
And hide in Darkneſs from my Eye.
Your Steps thro' Darkneſs will I trace,
And ſearch the moſt retired Place.
Like ſome proud Victor will I lay
My eager Hands upon my Prey.
I'll toſs, and towze, and rifle You,
As Hawks the tim'rous Turtle do.
You, your humble Hands ſhall rear;
Submiſſive, beg me to forbear;
And hope *ſev'n Kiſſes* may ingage
My eaſy Heart; and bribe my Rage.
In vain!—— You *ſev'n-times ſev'n* ſhall give,
To win my Grace, *poor Fugitive!*
My Arms around that Neck in-twin'd,
Shall all the while my Captive bind.
When, paid the Price, I looſe my Arms,
Then ſhall You ſwear by all your Charms;
If this Way I reſent ſuch Crimes,
You'd play the Trick a-thouſand-times.

KISS X.

NO certain *Kiſs* one certain Way repeat,
Thus try'd, the Sweeteſt ceaſes to be ſweet.
For as moiſt *Kiſſes* thrill the yielding Blood,
With humid Lips on humid Lips beſtow'd;

So

So warmer *Kisses* warmer Joys inspire,
And the rapt Soul with madding Transport fire:
Not less Delight, to *Kiss* fond —— rolling Eyes,
And view the Authors of our Tears and Sighs;
Or, as to the lov'd Neck or Cheek We cling
In am'rous Trance, see fresher Roses spring;
And tell-tale Signs, by wanton Teeth impress,
On snow-white Shoulder rise, or snow-white Breast.
From trembling Lips to change the trembling Darts;
And mutual Souls im-mix from mutual Hearts:
While *Love* lies panting for a Gasp of Breath,
Now! now! just struggling betwixt Life and Death!
Me, charm all Measures of the tender Sport;
Kisses! or quick, or slow; or long or short;
(Sweet Mixture! tedious Langor to relieve!)
Whether I give, or whether I receive.
Such as You get, return not, *charming Maid!*
Let *Either* summon artful Change to Aid.
And who the first unvary'd *Kiss* applies;
Attend this Judgment with submissive Eyes.
" As many *Kisses* as were told before;
" As *Either* offer'd, and as *Either* bore;
" The vanquish'd Lover to the Victor pays
" So many *Kisses*, told so many Ways.

On KISSING.

Lycinna scorns my *Kisses*: They are Chaste!
Enerv'd I seem in her experienc'd Taste.
And *Ælia* calls *Me*, " *Bard with languid String*,"
She that to Love in Streets her Off'rings brings.

Perhaps,

Perhaps, my utmoſt *Strength* They ſeek to know!
And *Vigour* prove!——*Go! hateful Wantons go!*
My *Strength*, my *Vigour* long deſpair to find,
For *You* theſe *Kiſſes* never were deſign'd.
Never for *You* were theſe ſoft Meaſures wrought;
Read *Me*, ye tender *Brides* of *Boys* untaught!
Read *Me*, of *Brides* untaught ye tender *Boys*!
Yet new to *Venus* ſweetly-varying Joys!

Femina ludificantur viros.

KIND *Katherine* kiſt her Husband with theſe Words,
Mine own ſweet *Will*, how dearly I love thee!
If true, quoth *Will*, the World no ſuch affords:
And that is true, I durſt his Warrant be;
For ne'er heard I of Woman, good or ill,
But always loved beſt her own ſweet *Will*.

In Uxorem optatam.

A Batchelor would have a Wife that's wife,
Fair, rich and young, a Maiden for his Bed,
Nor proud, nor churliſh, but of faultleſs Size,
A Country Houſe-wife, in the City bred.
But he's a Fool, and long in vain hath ſtaid;
He ſhou'd beſpeak her; there's none ready made.

Tunc tua res agitur.

A Jealous Merchant that a Sailor met,
Ask'd him the Reaſon, why he meant to marry?
Knowing what ill their Abſence might beget,
That ſtill at Sea conſtrained are to tarry.

Sir,

Sir, quoth the Sailor, think you that so strange?
'Tis done the Time while you but walk the 'Change.

On Virtue: To a Lady.

DID *Plato* live, that Sage, whose piercing Mind
Found Virtue wanted nought to charm Mankind,
But to assume a Body; he might see
His bright Ideas verify'd in thee.

On the Tax upon Salt.

THE Emblem o'th' Nation so grave and precise,
On the Emblem of Wisdom have laid an Excise;
Pray tell me, grave Sparks, and your Answer don't smother,
Why one Representative taxes another?
The Commons on Salt a new Impost have laid,
To tax Wisdom too they most humbly are pray'd;
For tell me, ye Patrons of Woollen and Crape,
Why the Type should be fin'd, and the Substance escape?

The RARITIES *of* RICHMOND: *Being exact Descriptions of the Royal Hermitage and* MERLIN's *Cave. With his Life and Prophecies.*

The History of MERLIN, *the Ancient* British Prophet.

SINCE this legendary Story of *Merlin*, the *Welsh* Wizard, hath been thought worthy of Royal Regard, insomuch that an Edifice is now erected to his Memory, for the Benefit of honest

Stephen Duck and his Wife; in order, therefore, the better to ſuit her Place, I ſhall *threſh-out*, from the monkiſh Hiſtorians, ſome few ſhort Notices; which, as a *Neceſſary Woman*, ſhe may recite to the numerous Viſitors of the *Cave*, more eſpecially the Ladies.

As to the Denomination of *Merlin*, our noted Countryman and eminent Lexicographer, *Stephen Skinner* (1), tells us, that it is both the Name of a *Hawk*, and of a *Fiſh*; and *Florio* in his *Italian* Dictionary (2), declares it to be the *Whiting*. The *French* will have the *Merleton*, and the Toupees of the Town the *Merkin*, to be likewiſe deriv'd from *Merlin*. But to ſum up all the Honours beſtow'd on the Name of this Conjurer, our late departed Friend, *John Partridge*, of Aſtrological Memory, who was not one himſelf, gave that of *Merlinus Liberatus* (3) to his Almanack, and which, it is generally thought, was the chief Motive for chriſtening this Structure —— *Merlin's* Cave. But, now to the *Man*.

Geoffry of *Monmouth* (4) reports, that he was born at *Caermarthen* in *Wales*, and liv'd towards the Cloſe of the fifth Century. But that honeſt Chronicler, *John Speed*, roundly rallieth him for *having adventured to divulge, under the Name of Authentique Prophecies, deceitful Conjectures, and Fore-deemings of* (ſaith he) *one* Merlin *a Wizard*.

How-

(1) Vid. Etym. Ling. Ang.

(2) *Ital.* Merla, Merlana *idem*, q. d. Merula Piſcis, *Aug.* a Whiting.

(3) i. e. *Merlin* reſtored.

(4) De Rebus Geſtis Anglor.

However, the credulous *Monk*, above-mention'd, tells us theſe Stories, that, 'The renowned Prince *Uter Pendragon* went to conſult '*Merlin* how he might accompliſh his Wiſhes 'with that peerleſs Paragan of Beauty, the fair 'Lady *Igren*, Wife of *Gorlois* Duke of *Cornwal*.

Thus, again ſaith *John Speed*, was this Affair brought to paſs by *Merlin*'s Magical Feats. 'The Wizard altogether new moulded the 'Shape of King *Uter*, and printed in his Face 'the Feature of *Gorlois*, her own Lord, by 'which Means, and without Suſpect, the King 'diſhonourably violated this Lady's Chaſtity; 'in which Bed of Deceit the famous King *Arthur* was begot.'

Amidſt the numerous Donations of that charitable and religious Monarch King *John*, more eſpecially the Monaſtery which he founded for *Nuns*, at *Godſtowe*, near *Oxford*, many have interpreted this Prophecy of *Merlin* to be meant:

'With Virgin-Gifts to Maids he gave,
'Mongſt bleſſed Saints God will him ſave.

Our memorable and good old Chronicler *Ralph Holinſhead* thus writeth, *viz.* 'There was a 'ſound *Welſh* Prophecy of *Merlin*'s, *viz.* as if 'King *Henry* the IVth were the Mouldwarpe 'curſed of God's owne Mouthe. And the Earls '*Mortimer*, *Piercie*, and *Glendowr*, the *Dragon*, '*Lyon* and *Wolfe*, which ſhould divide this 'Realme between them.

We are told by a learned Author (5), 'That '*Merlin* is a general Name given to *Magicians*;

(5) Voy. Dict. Trevoux, ſur Artic. de *Merlin*.

'which takes its Riſe, *ſays he*, from one *Merlin*, 'a famous *Britiſh Magician* or *Inchanter*, who 'flouriſh'd in the fifth Century. It is ſaid, that 'he was begotten by a *Dæmon*, called *Incubus*, 'upon the Body of an *Engliſh Lady*, who was 'formerly a Maid of Honour to one of the *Bri-*'*tiſh Queens.*' So that the Public are puzzled, and cannot rightly underſtand whether he was a *Man* or a *Devil*, but, by this laſt Account, he ſeems to have had a Spice of *both*.

However, it is no Matter who *Merlin* was, or from whom he was deſcended; it is certain, that he has given Name to this Royal *Cave*, and it is as certain, that *Stephen Duck* is the *Cave-keeper*, and his Wife, thereof, the *Neceſſary Woman*; and to whom we are next to pay a Viſit.

In the *Royal Gardens* of *Richmond*, about a Mile diſtant from the Palace, thro' ſeveral fine Walks and agreeable Labyrinths (the Ground being moſt beautifully laid out) you arrive at *Merlin*'s Cave.

The Denomination of this Place, as *Caleb D'Anvers* hath obſerved, is indeed an *Impropriety*, becauſe it is a Building *above Ground* (6). It is alſo a thatch'd Edifice, and very Gothique. The Room is circular, ſupported by Wooden-Pillars, and the Walls, at preſent, bare. At each End of the Room are a few Books in three ſmall Niches, (tho' it is not doubted but that Mr. *Duck*'s Library will daily increaſe.) The Books appear in the neat Plainneſs of Quakeriſm, being all covered with White-Vellum, and their Names written, in a legible Hand, upon their Backs.

In

(6) *See the* Craftſman *of* Sat. 13 Sept. 1735.

In the Middle of this Room, on the Right-hand, Mrs. *Duck* conducts you to six waxen Images, the handy Work of Mrs. *Salmon*, all taken from the Life.

I. *Merlin* from Mr. *Ernest*, Page of the back Stairs to the Prince of *Wales*.

II. Queen *Elizabeth*, from Miss *Paget*.

III. Her Nurse, (alias a *Witch*) from a Tradesman's Wife in *Richmond*.

IV. *Henry* the VIIth's *Queen*, from Mrs. *Margaret Purcell*.

V. *Minerva*, from the Hon. Mrs. *Poyntz*.

VI. *Merlin*'s Secretary, from Mr. *Kemp*, a Youth, one of the Duke's Grenadiers.

The SCENE Represents,

I. *Merlin*, sitting at a Table in a musing Posture, with his Conjuring-Wand, Books and Mathematical Instruments before him, his Eye cast towards that Shelf, in the Nich next him, whereon stands the Life and Predictions of the late celebrated *Duncan Campbell*, the *North-British* Conjurer.

II. On the other Side of the Table, a young Lad, his Secretary.

III. On the Right-hand of *Merlin* stand Queen *Elizabeth*. And

IV. Her Nurse. And over-against him,

V. *Henry* the VIIth's Queen. And

VI. *Minerva*.

Having paid our Devoirs not to Old, but to Young *Merlin*, (who, by the Bye, as here represented by his Molten Image in Wax, does not shew

ſhew a Perſon of above thirty Years of Age) and had ſome agreeable Chit-Chat with Mr. *Duck*, (who inform'd us that, in Imitation of Mr. *Pope*, he too was printing his Ruſtic Rhimes by Subſcription) we took our Leave, and by our Guide was conducted to Mr. *Bridgeman*'s Ground, in whoſe Territories, as a Gardener, ſtands the *Hermitage*.

We could not help admiring the beautiful and moſt delightful Terras next the River *Thames*; after which, we purſued our Journey, and were led thro' a great Number of cloſe Alleys, whoſe Hedges were neatly clipt, up to this Building; the Architecture of which, is alſo very Gothique, being a Heap of Stones thrown into a very artful Diſorder, and curiouſly embelliſhed with Moſs and Shrubs, to repreſent *rude Nature*. The Entrance of this Pile is adorned with a Rage of Iron Paliſades finely gilt, near which a Perſon attends readily to open the Gate to all Comers. As ſoon as you enter, you perceive in the Front, a very curious Buſto of the Celebrated and Honourable, ROBERT BOYLE, Eſq; illuminated behind with Rays of Gold. And in Niches on each Side, are placed the Buſtoes of Sir ISAAC NEWTON, Mr. LOCKE, Dr. CLARKE, Mr. WOLLASTON*.

Verſes on the HERMITAGE. *By* Stephen Duck.

NOW bluſh, *Calypſo*, 'tis but juſt to yield,
That all your *Moſſy Caves* are here excell'd.

See

* Author of, *The Religion of Nature Delineated*; not *Woolſton* who wrote againſt the Miracles.

See how the Walls in humble Form advance
With careleſs Pride, and ſimple Elegance;
See Art and Nature ſtrive with equal Grace,
And Fancy charm'd with what ſhe can't ſurpaſs;
Flow ſwiftly, *Thames*, and flowing ſtill, proclaim
This Building's Beauty, and the Builder's Fame;
Tell *Indian* Seas thy *Naiads* here have ſeen
The ſweeteſt *Grotto*, and the wiſeſt *Queen*,
Whoſe Royal Preſence bleſt this humble Seat;
How ſmall the Manſion, but the Gueſt how great!
So Angels ſat in *Canaan*'s bleſt Abodes;
So Rural Shades were honour'd by the Gods:
Here may her Soul th' Almighty's Wonders trace,
Far as the Worthies who adorn the Place;
Whoſe awful Buſtoes round the *Grot* appear,
The brighteſt Stars in Learning's Hemiſphere.
Their Fathers dimly view'd the dawning Rays,
They roſe like Suns, and brought a Flood of Day.
But ceaſe, my Muſe, and caſt thy wond'ring Eyes
Where *Phœbus*' lofty Domes Majeſtic riſe (7);
Whoſe tuneful Trains have ſung this *Grotto*'s Praiſe,
Contending each, 'till each deſerves the Bays.
O pardon me, ye learned Sons of Fame,
Who faintly, after you, attempt the Theme;
Nor think I rival your Poetic Fires,
My *Queen* commands, and *Gratitude* inſpires:
And you *Imperial Foundreſs* daign to ſmile,
Nor ſcorn the *leaſt*, the *lateſt*, Muſe's Toil,
Who brings the *tardy Off'ring* of her Lays,
The *Firſt* in *Duty*; tho' the *Laſt* in *Praiſe*.

On

(7) *Weſtminſter* and *Eaton* Colleges.

On the Busroes *placed by her Majeſty in the Hermitage. Written by a Lady.*

O Queen! more learn'd than e'er *Britannia* ſaw,
Since our fam'd *Tudor* to theſe Realms gave Law;
O Wife more happy in thy Lord alone,
Than in the Pow'r and Splendor of his Throne.
O Mother bleſt in thy Illuſtrious Race;
The Guardian Angel of our future Peace!
O Patroneſs of Science! wilt thou daign
T' accept from thy own Sex, this artleſs Strain?
Around thy Throne too dazling Glories dwell;
Let me, moſt Gracious Queen, approach thy Cell.
Hail happy *Grotto!* to thy bleſt Retreat
Greatneſs retires, to be more truly Great;
Here, by the Sculptor's Art, are well deſign'd,
Buſtoes of Men who dignify'd their Kind;
Boyle, *Newton*, *Locke*; with *Wollaſton* and *Clarke*,
Thoſe Paths illuminate, Ignorance made dark;
Reaſon and Arts; Truths Moral and Divine;
In their Immortal Works unclouded ſhine.
Reſemblance the well-judging Eye delights,
And th' active Soul, to ſemblant Thought excites;
Intent ſhe 'xerts her Faculties and Pow'rs,
Riſes in Thought, in Contemplation tow'rs.
Wiſdom and *Piety* their Beams unite
To ſhine in *Boyle*, with all Conviction's Light;
Which thro' the various Works of Nature ſhows
God the prime Source, whence all Perfection flows.

Newton,

Newton, th' All-wiſe Creator's Works explores;
Sublimely on the Wings of Knowledge ſoars;
Th' eſtabliſh'd Order of each Orb unfolds,
And, God Omnipotent in All, beholds;
If to the dark Abyſs, or bright Abode
He points, the View ſtill terminates in God.
Reaſon, that Emanation of the Mind,
Breaks forth in *Locke*, diffuſive and refin'd.
The Moral Duties *Wollaſton* diſplays,
Of *Nature's Laws* the firm Foundation lays.
In *Clarke* the Chriſtian Purity appears,
Reveal'd Religion he divinely clears;
From Miſts of Error, Vapours of blind Zeal,
Which oft, her Heav'n-born Beauties, wou'd conceal;
From Sanguine Marks, which her pure Whiteneſs ſtain'd,
And All her Sacred Truths, polluted and profan'd.
Here Reaſon, Knowledge, Primogenial-Law,
Submit to Faith with Reverential Awe;
'Tis the Celeſtial Grace! muſt thoſe refine,
'Tis her Impreſſion ſtamps 'em All Divine.
Theſe are the *Worthies* whom our Glorious QUEEN
Delights to Honour, in this *ſolemn Scene*.
Here *conſecrates* their *Memory* to *Fame*,
Uniting *Theirs*, to *Her Own* deathleſs *Name*.

The Life and Prophecies of Merlin.

MErlinus, firnamed *Ambroſius*, * although he lived in the Time of prophane Paganiſm, was a profeſſed Chriſtian, and therefore his Auguries the better to be approved and allowed: For they genuinely and properly comply with the Truth of our Chronologie. He firſt flouriſhed in the Time of King *Vortigernus* the Uſurper of the Crowne.

This credulous Writer averreth, That there was a Towne or Citty, call'd *Kaier-Merlin*, which implyes *Merlin*'s Towne, or *Merlin*'s Burrough, which is, no doubt, the ſame *(ſaith he)* which we call at this Day *Marlborrow*.

Merlin was born of a Mother, who knew not his Father: † She was Daughter to the King *Demetius*, and lived a Votareſſe in a Nunnery belonging to the Church of Saint *Peter* in *Marlborrow*.

King *Vortigern* determining to build him a Caſtle (called *Generon*, or *Gwayneren*, on the Weſt-Side of the River *Grana)* upon a Hill called *Cloaricus*, in *Wales*, ſent for *Merlin* to conſult him about the Foundation thereof.

Merlin diſcloſed the Secrets of Nature, and told the King, that, *in the Breſt of this Hill, lay a vaſt Moat, or deep Poole, at the Bottome of which were two hollow Rocks of Stone, and in them two horrible* Dragons *faſt ſleeping*.

This

(*) The Life of *Merlin*, firnamed *Ambroſius*. By *Thomas Heywood*, 4to. Lond. 1641.

(†) He was begot by a *Dæmon*, as it is ſaid, *Plato* was.

This, upon digging, the King found to be true; for, *out of the Rocks iſſued two fierce and cruel* Dragons, *the one* Red, *the other* White, *and made betwixt them, a violent and terrible Conflict.*

But in the End the White *Dragon prevailed over the* Red, *at which Sight the King being greatly ſtupified and amazed, demanded of* Merlin, What this their Combat might portend? *Who fetching a deep Sigh, and Tears in abundance iſſuing from his Eyes, with a Prophetical Spirit, made him this following Anſwer,* viz.

Merlin's *firſt Prophecy.*

Woe's me! for the Red Dragon, for alach,
The Time is come hee haſted to his Mach:
The bloudy Serpent, (yet whoſe Souls are white)
Implys that Nation, on which thy Delight
Was late ſole-fixt, (the *Saxons*) who as Friends
Came to thee firſt, but ayming at ſhrewd Ends
They ſhall have Power over the drooping Red,
In which the *Britiſh* Nations figured,
Drive ſhall he them into Caves, Holes and Dens,
To barren Mountains, and to Mooriſh Fens;
Hills ſhall remove to where the Vallies ſtood,
And all the Baths and Brooks ſhall flow with Bloud;
The Worſhip of the holy God ſhall ceaſe,
For in thilk Dayes the Kirke ſhall have no Peace:
The *Panims* (woe the White) ſhall get the Day,
And with their Idols Mawmetry beare ſway;
And yet, in fine, ſhe that was ſo oppreſt,
Shall mount, and in the high Rocks build her Neſt,
For out of *Cornwall* ſhall proceed a Boare,
Who ſhall the Kirke to priſtine State reſtore,

Bow ſhall all *Britaine* to his kingly Beck,
And tread he ſhall on the White Dragon's Neck.

Then caſting a ſad Look upon the King, as reading his Fate in his Forehead, he muttered to himſelf and ſaid,

But well-away for thee, to *Britaine* deere,
For I foreſee thy ſad Diſaſter's neere.

Which accordingly happened, and that within few Years after. For the two Sons of *Conſtantine*, whom *Vortigern* had cauſed to be ſlain, aſſiſted by their near Kinſman *Budentius*, King of *Armorica*, paſſed the Sea with a compleat Army, landed at *Totneſſe*, and ſoon were joined by the *Britons*.

Theſe two Brothers, *Ambroſius-Aurelius* and *Uter Pendragon*, made their ſpeedy Expedition towards *Wales*; where *Vortigern*, the Uſurper, was ſorely beſieged by them, and, in his own Caſtle, they burned him and all his People alive.

An Explanation of the foregoing Prophecy.

You have ſeen the Fall of the wicked *Vortigern*; for of him it is reported, that he had *Carnal Society* with his own *Daughter*, in Hopes that *Kings* ſhould iſſue from them: Thus died he moſt miſerably, when he had reigned ſince his laſt Inauguration, nine Years and ſome odd Months: The Particulars follow, *viz.*

I. The *Red* and *White Dragons* figured, are the *Britiſh* and *Saxon* People.

II. The *Caverns*, *Mountains* and *Mooriſh Places*, &c. ſhew into what Diſtreſs the Natives ſhould be driven by the *Invaders* of their Country.

III. The

III. The *Hills* and *Vallies ſhifting Places*, &c. ſhew that there is no Difference among the poor *Britons*, betwixt the Courtier and the Cottager, the Peer and the Peaſant.

IV. By the *Rivers flowing with Blood*, &c. is foretold the many Battles which ſhould be fought betwixt the two Nations, and that in thoſe Days, Religion, and the true Worſhip of God ſhould be ſuppreſs'd.

V. By *the Boar which ſhould come out of* Cornwall, *and tread upon the Neck of the White Dragon*, is meant, the invincible King *Arthur*, who vanquiſh'd the *Saxons*, and was a great Maintainer and Exalter of the Chriſtian Religion.

Beſides the foregoing Prophecy, before his Departure from *Vortigern*'s Court, *Merlin* did leave in the King's Cloſet this *ſecond* Prediction of his diſaſtrous End, *viz.*

Fly from theſe ſeveral fatal Fires, O King,
Which from *Leſs Britain* the two Exiles bring:
Now are their Ships a rigging, now forſake
Th' Armoricke Shoars, and towards *Albion* make,
T'avenge their murdered Brother's Blood on thee,
In *Totneſs* Road To-morrow they will be.
The *Saxon* Princes ſhall contend in vain,
For young *Aurelius* having *Hengiſt* ſlain,
Shall peaceably poſſeſs the *Britiſh* Throne,
Striving the oppoſite Nations to attone.
He the true Faith ſhall ſeek t'advance on high,
But in the Queſt thereof, by Poyſon die;
The Dragon's Head (10) his Brother ſhall ſucceed,
And after many a brave heroic Deed

By

(10) *Uter Pendragon.*

By him perform'd, the Fates ſhall ſtrive to waft
His Soul o'er *Styx*, by a like poyſonous Draught,
But thoſe who ſent them to th' *Elyzian* Bower,
His Son, the Boar of *Cornwall* (11) ſhall devour.

This Prophecy needs no Comment, being ſo plain itſelf in the Succeſs thereof: For *Arthur*, figured under the Name of *Aper Cornubiæ*, the *Boar* of *Cornwall*, was Son to *Uter Pendragon*, here called the *Head* of the *Dragon*.

Amongſt many brave heroical Acts done by *Aurelius Ambroſius*, after the Death of *Vortigern*, he maintained the middle Part of the Kingdom of *Britain* and *Wales*, endeavouring to repair all the ruined Forts, Caſtles and Citadels; but eſpecially the Chriſtian Temples, which were much defaced by the Pagan-Idolaters, cauſing Divine Service to be ſaid in them, and after that, encountered the *Saxons* at the Hill of *Baden* or *Badove*, where he ſlew many of them, and utterly routed their whole Army. After which Defeat, another *Saxon* Prince, named *Porthe*, with his two Sons, landed at a Haven in *Suſſex*, from whom the Place was called *Portſmouth*. Others landed alſo in ſeveral Parts of the Kingdom, ſo that *Aurelius* was engaged with them in many Battles, and for the moſt Part came off Conqueror.

This Prince, by the Help of *Merlin*, cauſed the great Stones on the Plain of *Salisbury* (12) to be brought in a Whirlwind, in one Night, out of *Ireland*; and placed, where they now ſtand, in Remembrance of the *Britiſh* Lords there ſlain, and

(11) King *Arthur*. (12) *Stonehenge*.

and after buried, in the Time of the pretended Treaty, and Communication had, betwixt *Vortigern* and *Hengiſt*; but *Polycronicon* and ſome other Writers, aſcribe their Tranſportage to his Brother *Uter Pendragon*, at whoſe Requeſt to *Merlin*, that miraculous Conveyance was performed: *Credat qui vult.*

We ſhall next proceed to the noble King *Arthur*, and recite *Merlin*'s Prophecy of him before his Birth.

The *Corniſh* Boar ſhall fill with his Devotion,
The *Chriſtian* World; the Iſlands of the Ocean
Hee ſhall ſubdue: The *Fleur de Lis*'s Plant
In his own Garden, and prove Paramant.
The two-neckt *Roman* Eagle hee ſhall make
To flagher Plumes, and her faint Feathers quake.
Pagans ſhall ſtrive in vain to bend or break him,
Who ſhall be Meat to all the Mouthes that ſpeake him;
Yet ſhall his End be doubtful: Him ſix Kings
Shall orderly ſucceed, but when their Wings
Are clipt by Death, a *German* Worme ſhall riſe,
Who ſhall the *Britiſh* State anotomiſe.
Him ſhall a Sea-Wolf, waited on by Woods,
From *Africke* brought, to paſſe St. *George*'s Floods,
Advance on high: Then ſhall Religion faile,
And then ſhall *London*'s Clergie Honour vaile
To *Dorobernia*: Hee that Seventh ſhall ſit
In th' Characenſick See, hee forc'd to flit
Into *Armorica*: *Meneria* ſad
Shall with the Legion Cities Pall be clad;
And they that in thilk Dayes ſhall live, may ſee
That all theſe Changes in the Kirke ſhall bee.

Ex-

Explanation.

I. Here, by the renowned King *Arthur*'s *ſhaking off the Eagle's Feathers*; was meant his great Victory over the *Romans*: who when their Prince *Lucius* with ten other Kings invaded *Britain* with a very numerous Hoſt, moſt of them King *Arthur* ſlew, and acquitted the Payment of the *Roman* Tribute-Money which had been *exciſed* from the Time of *Julius Cæſar*. He likewiſe got the Soveraignity over many Provinces ſubjugate to the *Roman* Empire, and ſent the dead Body of *Lucius*, ſlain in Battle, back to *Rome*, there to be interr'd.

II. What is ſaid *of his Name being Meat to all the Mouths that ſhould ſpeak of him*, was meant no other, but that the very Relation of his noble Atchievements ſhould be a Refreſhing and Delight to all ſuch as heard of them.

III. It being ſaid that, *his End ſhould be doubtful*; this Prediction hath been moſt undoubtedly verified, for the various Reports which Hiſtorians have given us, render the Manner of it *doubtful* even unto this Day.

IV. *The Six Kings who ſucceeded him*, were, I. *Conſtantine*, the eldeſt Son of *Cador*, Duke of *Cornwall*, and *Arthur*'s Couſin *German*. II. Was *Conſtantine*'s Brother. III. *Conanus Aurelius*, their Nephew. IV. *Vortiporius*. V. *Malgo*. VI. *Caretius*.

When King *Arthur* in that great Battle wherein he diſcomfited and ſlew his Couſin the Arch-Traytor *Mordred* (himſelf being mortally wounded)

ed) had retired into the Vale of *Avelan* (which it is ſaid was the Place of his Death, although the Manner of it be uncertainly related) he ſent for his Couſin *Conſtantine* and made him King; againſt whom the *Saxons* aſſiſted by the two Sons of *Mordred*, aſſembled themſelves, he defeated them in ſundry Battles. The *Elder* Son of *Mordred*, who had fortified *Wincheſter*, he took in the Church of Saint *Amphibalus*, whither he had fled for Sanctuary, and ſlew him before the Altar. The *Younger* Son he found hid in a Monaſtery in *London*, whom he cauſed likewiſe to be ſlain, *A. C.* 543. But in the third Year after, he was perfidiouſly betrayed to Death by the Contrivance of his Nephew *Conanus Aurelius*, and his Body royally interred in Mount *Ambria*, near unto that of *Uter Pendragon*.

V. What is herein ſaid of *The German* Worm, *and the* Sea Wolf *waited on by Woods brought from* Africa, *through* Saint George's Channel, *to ſupport him*; are figured, the *Saxons* (in the *Worm*) and (in the *Wolf*) *Gormondus* King of *Africa*, who in the Time of *Caretius* came with a mighty Navy into the *Britiſh* Seas.

VI. And laſtly, *Religion ſhall fail*, ſaith our Prophet. This happened when *Gormundus* with the *Saxons* deſtroyed all Religious Houſes, and Churches, inſomuch, that if a Chriſtian Native ſhewed his Head, he was ſubject to Perſecution and Torture. It follows in the Prophecy, that the *Honour of* London's *Clergy ſhould give place to* Dorobernia *or* Canterbury; *That the* Seventh

who ſate in the Eboracenſian *or* York *See, ſhould be compelled to fly into* Armorica *or* Little Britain; *and that* Menevia *ſhould be adorned with the Pall that belonged to the City of* Legions; by theſe are meant the three Archbiſhopricks of *London*, *York*, and *Canterbury*, to which *latter*, that of the *former* was transferred by St. *Auguſtine*, whom Pope *Gregory* ſent hither with others, to preach the Goſpel: He alſo gave the Primacy of the City of *Legions* to *Menevia* a City of *Wales*. The *Seventh* Archbiſhop of *York* was named *Sampſon*, who in that great Perſecution made by the *Africans* and the *Saxons*, with Six of his Brothers, all Clergymen, of great Sanctity of Life, fled into *Armorica*, and there eſtabliſhed his Metropolitan See. He made his Six Brothers Rectors of other Churches; who alſo in a ſhort Time became capable of the Epiſcopal Dignity.

Theſe *Seven* Bretheren, not only the Natives of the Country, but all the bordering Provinces, called the *Seven Saints* of *Britain*. They are ſaid to have been the Iſſue of two noble Parents, and whoſe Mother, after a mature Teeming-Time, was delivered of them, All, in one Day.

Merlin's *Fourth Prophecy.*

The Heavens inſtead of Water, Bloud ſhall ſhower,
And Famine ſhall both young and old devour:
Droop, and be ſad, ſhall the Red Dragon then,
But after mickle Time be blithe agen.

And

And now the Serpent that was white before,
Shall have his Silver-Scales all drench'd in Gore:
Seven Scepter-bearing-Kings in Field ſhall die,
One of whoſe fainted-Souls ſhall pierce the Sky.
Kept ſhall the Babes be, from their Mother's Wombes,
And ſoon as climbe on Earth, grope for their Tombes.
All by a brazen-Man ſhall come to paſſe,
Who, likewiſe mounted on his Steed of Braſſe,
Both Night and Day will *London*'s prime Gate keep,
Whether the careleſs People wake, or ſleep.

Explanation.

When *Cadwallo* was King of this Iſland, the 13th Monarch from *Brute*, it rained Bloud for three Days ſucceſſively; after which followed great Swarms of infectious Flies, from whoſe Bitings or Stingings there was great Mortality in this Land.

I. The *Shower of Bloud*, mentioned in this Prophecy, farther intimates the *great Effuſion of Bloud loſt among the* Britons, and from whence that Nation was figured under the *Red Dragon*: This Kingdom much drooped, until after great Sufferance and Labour, it was reſtored to its priſtine State and Dignity; for *Cadwallo* in 633, after many horrid Croſſes, Diſaſters, Expulſion from his Kingdom, and the Loſs of his whole Inheritance, was forced with a few of his

Followers, that remained of his many Legions, to retire into *Armorica*, or *Little Britain*, unto his Couſin King *Solomon*, who afforded him a moſt friendly Reception; and, in the following Spring furniſhed him with an Army of ten thouſand able Men, with whom he ſafely and proſperouſly arrived in theſe his own Native and Hereditary Provinces; and hearing that *Pæanda* King of *Mercia*, or *Middle England*, had beſieged his Couſin *Briant* in *Exeter*, with thoſe poor Remainder of *Britons* which he had left behind, he not only removed the Siege, but took the King Priſoner; who, after having given him ſufficient Hoſtages for his Truth and Fidelity, gave him alſo his only Daughter to Wife, and made him General of his Army.

After which, *Cadwallo* recalling all his exiled Subjects, raiſed a very conſiderable Army, and invaded *Northumberland* with Fire and Sword; of which *Edwin* was then King, who aſſembling to his Aid all the *Reguli* (or petty Kings) gave him a ſtrong encounter, in which his whole Army was diſcomfited, and Himſelf ſlain in the Field.

To Mr. POPE, *on his Essay on Criticism.*

WHAT just Surprize, bright Youth, thy Pen excites?
How artful are its Strokes, how bold its Flights!
What Critick dares, but with Confusion view
His Limits bounded, and prescrib'd by you?
So, when some young, but well-branch'd Tree shoots forth
In cluster'd Gold, all Praise its early Worth;
Rome! boast thy Head no more, to *Britain* stoop,
Now *Britain* glories to confess a *Pope*.

On two young Ladies respected by Damon at one Time.

A Swain untaught in Arts of Love,
Whom Love could ne'er subdue,
Obsequious bows, but never sighs,
Oft pleasing views with wishing Eyes,
Myra and *Chloe* too.

The soothing Virgin, at whose Feet
The Youth first lowly fell,
With courting Eyes and smooth Deceit,
His ev'ry Offer seem'd to greet,
And listen to his Tale.

But *Chloe* she, a wanton Fair,
Whose Beauties well prevail'd;
With wav'ring Mind oft Love deny'd,
And if her secret Heart comply'd,
Yet Affectation fail'd.

Now

Now truſt me, Fair One, wou'd you wiſh
The Swain might ceaſe to rove,
Of ſteddy Temper always be,
From foolish Affectation free,
And each with Caution love.
Let *Chloe* leave affecting Pride,
Myra from Fraud repair;
His Heart (believe) howe'er it burns,
To one of you at Length returns,
And ſeeks its Boſom there.

On Three Buxom FEMALES.

THREE buxom Females crown'd my nuptial Bed,
My Youth, my Manhood, and my Age did wed;
The Firſt I choſe my vig'rous Nerves to prove,
For Chamber Combats, and the Feats of Love;
Where all our Spirits for the Bliſs we give,
And only dying Murmurs tell we live;
The next I wedded for her ſhining Store,
The Laſt to keep me *warm*, and *chaſe* me o'er.

Upon Mrs. Bell's *forfeiting her Faith to her firſt Love, and marrying another.*

IS *Bell* run backward then? 'tis wond'rous ſtrange:
Yet wonder not, for Bells are giv'n to change;
I that have try'd her, have too truly found,
That ſhe has nothing in her but a Sound.
She's Metal to the Back, ſhe loves her Scope,
A *Bell* ſcarce to be held with any Rope;
Her Faith is fickle, of Chamelion Hue,
You'll ring her Neck off, e'er you ring her true.

All's

All's thine, my Boy, nor can I envy yet
Thy Folly, and her Falſhood ſo well met;
No; I have Cauſe to be of better Cheer,
Since my beſt Stars have made me Bell-free here:
I ſhall not venture on next Ringing Match,
A Bell that is thus rung with a Back-catch.
Thus of ye all I take my laſt *Adieu*,
Bell, and the *Dragon*, and the *Devil* too;
This I have thought on, tho' for your Relief,
If the Bell cracks, the Rope will eaſe your Grief:
Sir, tho' I fear your Comforts cannot ſwell,
'Tis Credit to have born away the *Bell*.

On a young Lady's being overtaken in a Storm.

THE bright Diſpencer of the glorious Day,
That once the World unrival'd, cou'd ſurvey;
Look'd thro' the Curtains of the Sky, to ſee
Who was more gay and glorious, you or he.
But ſoon again, behind a ſudden Cloud,
Abaſh'd, his yielding Luſtre did inſhroud;
And there moſt noted Excellence to find,
Tranſcended thus by one of human Kind;
Thro' Grief and Shame, the high celeſtial Pow'r,
Murmur'd in Winds, and wept a falling Show'r.

The Story of Pyramus *and* Thisbe, *from the Fourth Book of* Ovid's *Metamorphoſis.*

IN *Babylon*, whoſe lofty Walls were built
By *Ninus'* Wife, a Youthful Pair there dwelt;
He *Pyramus*, and ſhe was *Thisbe* nam'd,
Both for their charming Beauty highly fam'd:

Their

Their Houſes join'd, from thence their Paſſion came,
And length of Time encreas'd the growing Flame,
In *Hymen*'s Bonds they wou'd have join'd their Hands,
But were prevented by their Friends Commands:
Both with the ſame Deſires and Wiſhes burn'd,
And both their Parents cruel Order mourn'd;
With Nods and Signs their Paſſion was reveal'd,
Which rag'd the more, the more it was conceal'd.
The Wall between their Houſes had a Cleft,
Which by the Builders negligence was left;
The Fault had unobſerv'd for Ages been,
Love ſpy'd it, by the Lovers firſt 'twas ſeen.
'Twas there to meet the eager Lovers ſtrove,
And kindly talk and whiſper out their Love.
Oft, as they us'd to ſtand on either ſide,
They'd blame the Wall that Lovers did divide,
And cry, Ah envious Wall to our Deſign,
What wou'd it be to you to let us join?
Or if, alas! that were too great a Bliſs,
Sure you, at leaſt, might ſuffer us to Kiſs:
Yet we confeſs your Kindneſs, nor deny
That we're oblig'd for what we now enjoy,
We own the Favour that this Cleft affords,
A Paſſage to our Ears for pleaſing Words.
Thus wou'd they talk, till gloomy Night came on,
Then deeply ſigh, to think they muſt be gone;
Both fondly Kiſs the Wall on either ſide,
Striving to meet, tho' enviouſly deny'd,
Then ſoftly murmur'd out a kind Farewel,
Tho' each had ſtill a thouſand Things to tell.

The

The Morn did now its uſual Courſe renew,
And *Sol* had from the Graſs exhal'd the Dew;
The Lovers to their wonted Place return,
With equal Ardour meet, with equal Ardour burn,
And adverſe Fate in Strains pathetick mourn.
At laſt their Parents they reſolve to cheat,
And in a neighb'ring Wood at Night to meet,
At *Ninus'* Tomb, near which a Tree there ſtood
Of lovely Fruit, the whiteſt in the Wood,
Its Root was fixt upon a Fountain's ſide,
Which there in murm'ring Streams did gently glide.
This being agreed, they with Impatience wait,
And long for Night to favour the Deceit;
Slowly did every Minute paſs away,
And *Phœbus* ſeem'd to lengthen-out the Day;
But Darkneſs did at laſt invade the Skies,
And *Thisbe* now deceives her watchful Spies;
And covering with a Veil her charming Face,
Bold with her Love, ſhe reach'd th' appointed Place:
When by the Moon's bright Light, as ſhe ſat there,
A Lyoneſs at diſtance did appear;
Her foaming Jaws with reeking Blood were ſtain'd,
And to the Spring her Courſe ſhe ſeem'd to bend.
Affrighted at the Sight, the trembling Maid
To a dark Cave for Refuge ſwiftly fled,
And left her Veil behind her in her ſpeed.
The Savage quickly to the Fountain came,
And drinking largely of the Liquid Stream,

As to the Wood she now return'd again,
She sees the Virgin's Garment on the Plain;
Which with her Teeth the wanton Monster tears,
And with her fatal bloody Mouth besmears.
But *Pyramus*, who later came from home,
And now had almost reach'd the wish'd for Tomb,
Casting, in Haste, his longing Eyes around,
The Monster's Footing on the Sand he found,
And at the Sight turn'd pale, and fell upon the Ground.
But when he saw with Blood her Garment stain'd,
Thus in a Rage the Lover strait complain'd:
My *Thisbe*, in one Night we'll meet our Fate,
Tho' thou wert worthy of a longer Date;
I caus'd thy Death, 'tis I'm to blame alone,
Wh' advis'd thee to this fatal Place to come,
And was not here to save thee from thy Doom.
Come, come, ye Lyons then, and now devour
My hated Body, drink my reeking Gore;
Tear, tear my Limbs, and stop my fleeting Breath:
But hold — 'tis Coward-like to wish for Death.
This said, the Maid's unhappy Veil he bears
To th' appointed Tree, and soaks it with his Tears;
Then kissing it, Receive, receive, he cry'd,
My flowing Blood, and with it too be dy'd:
So plung'd the fatal Sword into his Side;
And quickly drawing 't from the gushing Wound,
The smoaking Blade he threw upon the Ground;
And as the Water, which thro' Pipes is brought,
If they are crackt, in hissing Streams break out,
So did the Lover's Blood in whirling Eddies spout;
And running to the Tree, it reach'd the Root,
And to a Purple-colour chang'd the Fruit.

Now

Now *Thisbe*, hardly from the Fright retriev'd,
Returns, left her fond Love shou'd be deceiv'd;
And by the Way a tender Tale prepares,
Of her late Dangers, and her later Fears:
But when she saw the Tree how chang'd it was,
She thought she was mistaken in the Place,
'Till in Confusion, as she doubting stood,
She saw her Lover welt'ring in his Blood;
Then starting back, and with the Sight dismay'd,
An Iv'ry Paleness did her Cheeks invade;
She trembled like the Surges of the Deep,
When the soft *Zephyrs* o'er their Surface sweep;
But when she found it was the Youth indeed,
A thousand passi'nate Actions did succeed;
She tore her Hair, and beat her lovely Breast,
And in her Arms her dying Lover prest;
With Tears she fill'd his Wounds, and as they
flow'd,
She mixt her Weeping with the gushing Blood;
Then, printing Kisses on his Lips, she cry'd,
What fatal Chance did thus our Loves divide?
Oh, hear! thy *Thisbe* calls! oh, raise thy Head;
Give me some Sign that yet thou art not dead:
At that dear Name, his Eyes, ev'n fixt in Death,
He open'd, view'd her, and resign'd his Breath.
Her Veil she then observ'd upon the Ground,
And the Youth's Sword, drawn from the Scab-
bard found.
By your own Hands, said she, I see you dy'd,
And by your fatal Love you are destroy'd:
But I have Courage too, as well as you,
And Love will give me Strength to strike the Blow,
Tho' dead, I'll find you in the Shades below;

And future Times, when they this Tale relate,
Shall ſay, Altho' the Cauſe, ——————
Yet ſtill, I was the kind Companion of thy Fate.
Since envious Death, who had the Pow'r alone
To ſeparate us, has utmoſt Malice ſhown;
Yet he ſhall be deceiv'd, for I will ſhare
Your Fate, and meet you whereſo'er you are.
Oh! ye, our too unhappy Parents, hear,
And grant, oh! kindly grant, my lateſt Prayer,
That we, whom Love and Death did join, now dead,
In the ſame Tomb together may be laid:
And thou, oh Tree! whoſe Boughs are now a Shade
To one, muſt ſo to two be quickly made:
The Marks of our hard Fortune always bear,
And let your Fruit a mourning Colour wear.
This ſaid, herſelf upon the Sword ſhe throw'd,
Which yet was reeking with her Lover's Blood;
Yet Heav'n did kindly her Petition hear;
Their Parents too were touch'd with her laſt Pray'r.
The Fruit, when ripe, puts on a mourning Grain,
And the ſame Urn their Aſhes does contain.

A Lady wrote upon a Window ſome Verſes, intimating her Deſign of never marrying; a Gentleman wrote theſe Lines underneath.

THE Lady, who this Reſolution took,
Wrote it on Glaſs; to ſhew it ſhould be broke.

A Shepherd's Anſwer to a Gentleman's asking him what he was.

I'M a *Shepherd* and *marry'd*, ſure none can agree,
Or are bleſt with Content like my *Nanny* and me;
No Man ſure enjoys ſuch a Bleſſing in Life,
As I (*thank the Gods!*) with a beautiful Wife.
When the bonny red Morning appears in the Skies,
And the *Sun* and my *Nanny* have open'd their Eyes,
I give her a Kiſs — then we ſhake off all Sleep,
She hies to her *Dairy*, and I to my *Sheep*;
The *Birds* they awake too, and ſing up the Day,
My *Lambs* are ſo merry they nothing but play;
The Fields are ſo pleaſant, ſo ſweet is the Breeze,
Streams murmur ſo ſoftly, ſo green are the Trees;
My *Dog* wags his Tail too, as if he would ſpeak
The Joy which he bears for his *Miſtreſs*'s Sake;
Thus I make my Diverſion, the Bus'neſs I do,
And dares to engage, ſo my *Nanny* does too:
At length by the Sun when it comes to be Noon,
A Diſh of good *Broth*, with a plain wooden Spoon,
Is brought by my *Dear*, or whatever it be,
We eat it together, ſet under a *Tree*;
Now a *Kiſs* and we part, but not to remain,
For when the *Sun*'s ſet, I ſhall ſee her again;
'Tis then I ſecure my Sheep and go home,
And to meet me half way my *Nanny* does come;
As we walk with each other, we prattle of Love,
And pray, and give Thanks to the great *God* above;

With

With *Riches* and *Times* we ne'er trouble our Head,
But with *Milk* or with *Cheese* we sup, and to Bed;
There I am as happy as any great Man,
And please her as much as an Emperor can:
One Child I have got, and that is a Son,
We care for no more, nor wou'd we have none;
He's like my dear *Dame*, and I'll learn him to keep
My *Cottage* in order, and tend a few Sheep,
Whatever is ours he'll have when we dye,
God grant he be blest, and contented as I.

The Eighth Idyll. of THEOCRITUS.

DAPHNIS, MENALCAS, Goatherd.

Daphnis his Kine down in a Vale did keep,
While on a Hill above *Menalcas* kept his Sheep.
Both Swains were golden hair'd, both of them young,
They both could pipe, and both could sing a Song.
But first *Menalcas* did his Silence break,
And in such Terms as these to *Daphnis* speak.
Menal. Did you in earnest say you'd sing with me?
I tell thee, *Daphnis*, I can conquer thee.
To which the Herdsman made this short Reply;
Daph. I would advise thee, Shepherd, not to try.
Take my Advice, and lay your Boasts aside;
For when you've spoil'd your Lungs, in vain yourself you'll chide.

Menal.

Menal. But for a Wager will you ſtrive whoſe Skill
Excels in Singing?
Daph. Shepherd, yes I will.
Menal. What equal Prize records the Victor's Fame?
Daph. Againſt the Lamb that ſips of yonder Stream,
I'll ſtake this Calf.
Menal. I muſt not ſtake a Lamb;
For ſhould I loſe, my Parents, croſs and old,
Would ſtorm; they nightly number all the Fold.
Daph. What then, *Menalcas*, ſhall the Conqueror get?
Menal. I have a Pipe which ne'er was pip'd with yet.
I myſelf made it, and both Ends did bind
Cloſely with Wax, the whiteſt of its Kind.
And tho' their Goods I dare not loſe; yet ſtill
My own I'll venture, Marry that I will.
Daph. And I have one, as pleaſing to the View
As yours, as good, as tuneful, and as new,
For as I lately form'd the ſounding Reed,
It prick'd my Fingers, ſee as yet they bleed.
But prithee, Shepherd, who ſhall judge the Cauſe?
Whoſe Voice ſhall crown the Victor with Applauſe?
Menal. We'll call the Goatherd, who perhaps may hear,
Look, *Whitefoot* barks as he approaches near.
And ſtrait the Swains the Goatherd call aloud,
He heard their Call, and made what Haſte he cou'd.

They

They crav'd the Goatherd's Judgment; he agreed,
Menalcas firſt, then *Daphnis* tun'd his Reed.
Alternate Lays the ecchoing Mountains rang,
And firſt by Lot the ſhrill *Menalcas* ſang.

Menal. Ye Vales and Springs divine! If e'er your Swain,
Menalcas, warbled with a pleaſing Strain,
Then feed my Lambs: If *Daphnis* hither e'er
Come with his Kine; let them your Sweetneſs ſhare.

Daph. Ye Herbs, ye Flow'rs, and ye delightful Graſs,
If *Daphnis* Songs the Nightingale's ſurpaſs,
Or equal; feed my Kine: If hither come
Menalcas' Lambs, with Fatneſs ſend them home.

Menal. There a continual Spring and Paſtures choice,
Fatten the Lambs, and make the Swains rejoice;
Where *Mopſa* comes; but when ſhe goes away,
The Shepherds wither, and the Herbs decay.

Daph. There Flocks of Sheep, there Goats with Twins arrive,
There Bees with Honey fill the burthen'd Hive;
There Trees, whoſe Branches pierce the Clouds, abound,
Where ſtately *Milo* treads with Praiſes crown'd;
But when the Charmer leaves the fragrant Air,
The Herdſmen pine, and ev'n the Herds deſpair.

Menal. Haſte to yon Streams, ye lofty Trees, O Goat,
The white Kid's Husband, and the Kids to boot:
For there he walks, ſee there his Steps proceed,
Whoſe Sea Calves *Proteus*, tho' a God, did feed.

Daph.

Daph. Nor Heaps of Gold employ my carking Mind,
Nor by ſwift Running to out-ſtrip the Wind;
But on that Rock to ſit and ſing, my dear,
Within theſe Arms, and Herds at Paſture here.
Menal. Rough Winter Winds to Trees, to Waters Heat,
Lime-twigs to Birds, to Beaſts of Prey the Net,
Are Ills pernicious; Weazles to the Dove,
Maid's Love to Man; not I alone, great *Jove*,
But thou thyſelf haſt felt the Flame of Love.

Alternate Numbers thus the Shepherds ſang,
And the laſt Part *Menalcas* thus began:

Menal. Wolf ſpare my Lambs, O ſpare my tender Flock,
Nor ſpoil their Feeding, nor their Footſteps ſhock;
O let them ſafely thro' their Paſtures bleat,
For I am little, and my Charge is great.
What *Spock* aſleep! ſo faſt aſleep at Noon!
Faith, *Spock*, you ſhall not go to ſleep ſo ſoon.
And you my Flock feed well, nor ſuffer fear
Of future Want to make you now to ſpare.
What, though you cloſely crop the Flow'ry Plain,
The verdant Graſs will quickly grow again.
Feed that the Lambs may ſwig their burthen'd Teat,
And gen'rous Pails of Milk your Maſter get.

Fair *Daphnis* then reſum'd his tuneful Strain.

Daph. And as I drove my Herd to yonder Plain
But Yeſterday, I gently jogg'd along,
My Herd was large, and Heifers great with Young;

A pretty Girl thus ſpake from yonder Grove;
Daphnis is fair; how ſtately does he move;
Ah me! he's fit for all the Joys of Love.

I lik'd her Speech: Yet made no ſmart Reply;
But ſtill paſs'd on, and ſeem'd the Ground to eye.
Soft Winds are ſweet; young *Colly* ſweetly lows,
Sweet is the Heifer's Milk, and ſweet the Cows:
'Tis ſweet in Summer time to ſeek the Shades;
And quel the Heat with cool refreſhing Glades.
Acorns the Oak, the Pear Tree Pears adorn,
Green Graſs the Meads, and Fields the bearded Corn;
Fat Lambs their Sheep; ſleek Calves their Cows commend,
And Herds of Kine their Swain from Scorn defend.

The Swains thus ſang, and thus the *Goatherd* ſaid——

Goath. Thy Songs are charming, *Daphnis*, and thy Voice,
That in ſuch Songs as theſe itſelf employs;
Thy Warblings yield the raviſh'd Ear repaſt
As ſweet, bright Youth, as Honey to the Taſte.
Receive the Pipe, you ſing without compare;
Receive the Pipe, for you the Victor are.
Oh! would you teach me how to ſing like you,
That Goat, the beſt of all my Herd's your due:
That Goat, which Nightly fills my largeſt Pail
With Milk, like Nectar, which the Gods exhale.

The Boy at this rejoic'd, he leap'd, and beat
The Ground, like Kid in ſight of Mother's Teat:
The other pin'd, and veil'd his Face, like Bride
At firſt juſt taken to the Bridegroom's Side.

Thus

Thus Jovial *Daphnis* by his tuneful Strains,
Gain'd the Delight of all the *Sylvan* Swains;
And from that Hour the lovely *Nais* charm'd,
Made a glad Wife, and all her Frowns diſarm'd.

The HAPPY BRIDE. Book I.

The Argument.

An Invocation of Venus *and* Phœbus: *A Deſcription of the Spring; about which Time* Caſſandra *retired into a Vale to receive the cool Breezes of the Evening, where ſhe laid herſelf down upon a Bank, and fell into a great Slumber:* Celario's *accidental Coming to the Place; he admires its Situation, the Pleaſantneſs of the Evening, and the Setting of the Sun,* &c. *His firſt View of* Caſſandra *aſleep, and the Mixture of Pleaſure and Uneaſineſs he received at the Sight: Her waking, and flying away from her Retirement; with* Celario's *Diſquiet, and falling into Exceſs of Paſſion.*

AID me, O *Venus!* Beauty's pow'rful Queen,
Who reign'ſt o'er Earth and Air, o'er Gods and Men;
Who driv'ſt from mortal Thoughts all vulgar Care,
And ſettleſt Bliſs and tender Softneſs there:
Around whoſe Throne the wanton Graces play,
And add freſh Brightneſs to immortal Day.
Come, lovely Goddeſs! with thy ſmiling Train,
Which glitter'd round thee on th' *Idalian* Plain;

Come with that heav'nly Splendor in thine Eyes,
That Bluſh of Red which paints the Morning Skies;
Mix'd with the Lilly's Whiteneſs in thy Face,
That Shape and Mein, and that celeſtial Grace;
That balmy Breath of Summer's Ev'ning Air,
And all which made thee, to a Wonder, fair;
When thou waſt crown'd with Love's reſiſtleſs Sway,
And taught the World that Pow'r of Love t'obey,
Immortal *Venus* come! and glad my Sight
With theſe Enchantments of ſupreme Delight;
Or to my Thought be thy Idea join'd,
That ſofteſt Strains may warble from my Mind.
And *Phœbus*, thou aſſiſt the gentle Song
With Lines which flow from thy melodious Tongue;
Let ſweeteſt Muſic from my Numbers play,
And to each Female Breaſt ſteal ſoft away.
O deign to aid a youthful Poet's Lays,
Who claims no fickle Fame, or ſounding Praiſe;
But all his Wiſhes are to pleaſe the Fair,
To melt the Heart, and ſmooth the liſt'ning Ear.
Careleſs of other's Choice, or peeviſh Blame,
Inſtruct my Muſe to tune her Song to them:
And thou, the faireſt of the beauteous Train,
With Pleaſure liſten to my grateful Strain;
Thy cheering Smiles, O charming — give,
And let this Tribute with thy Virtues live.
Thus may I ſing *Caſſandra*'s happy Tale,
How Senſe at length did over Charms prevail;
How Female Minds can glitt'ring Beaus deſpiſe,
And fix on Merit their conſenting Eyes:

How

How glad *Celario* all his Thoughts employs
On tainteſs Beauty, and the trueſt Joys;
After a tedious Time of Anguiſh paſt,
How both ſincerely love, and how they're bleſt
at laſt.

'Twas in that Seaſon when the Earth is gay,
And ev'ry Sun ſhines forth a glorious Day;
When Nature ſmiles amidſt a joyful Scene,
And pleaſing Fields are clad in lively Green;
When balmy Flow'rs their painted Leaves unfold,
Or bluſh in Scarlet, or appear in Gold;
When Silver Drops of ſoft deſcending Rain
Refreſh the Glade, and cheer the ſmiling Plain;
When all the ſenſeleſs World, and all which move,
Enjoy the Sweets of Harmony and Love:
Then was *Celario*'s Breaſt firſt taught to know
The inward Pangs of ſoft tormenting Woe;
Then did his Heart the Pains, the Pleaſures prove,
And ev'ry various Turn of glowing Love,
New Paſſions fir'd his Breaſt, unfelt before,
And all his Senſes bow'd to Beauty's Pow'r.

Down in a Dale, where joyous Nature made,
With bowing Greens, a moſt delightful Shade;
The beſt Retreat to pleaſe a Virgin's Breaſt,
To ſoften Cares, and lull the Soul to Reſt;
The fair *Caſſandra* walk'd, where bending Trees
Fann'd all around the cooling Ev'ning Breeze.
She heard the tuneful Lark with Pleaſure ſing,
And taſted all the Sweets of ſmiling Spring.
Beneath her Feet a cryſtal Riv'let play'd,
And thro' the circling Grotto gently ſtray'd.

The op'ning Blooms a grateful Smell diſcloſe,
The faireſt Lilly, and the bluſhing Roſe,
The Jeſſ'mine here, and there the Suckling grows.

Not far from hence a Bank of various Hue,
Bedeck'd in Green, and with the Vi'lets Blue:
With beck'ning Smiles invites the wand'ring Fair
To downy Reſt, ſecure from anxious Care:
Upon this pleaſing Seat ſhe gently laid,
And on her ſnowy Hand ſhe lean'd her Head.
The Stream with ſmoother Current purl'd along,
And all the Birds with ſweeter Muſick ſung:
At length her nodding Senſes ſeem to doſe,
And peaceful Slumbers ev'ry Thought compoſe.

Like *Venus'* ſelf ſhe ſhin'd ſerene and bright,
And ſcatter'd round the Shade a Flood of Light:
The lively Trees their trembling Limbs bow'd down,
And circled round her Head a leafy Crown.
The Riv'let ſeem'd to gaze, and wiſh'd to ſtay,
So much it ſigh'd, and mov'd ſo ſlow away;
E'en glitt'ring *Phœbus* rear'd his golden Head,
And look'd with Envy from his purple Bed:
At Sight of her he ſhrunk into a Cloud,
And wrapt his Face within a ſable Shroud;
Bluſhing to find his radiant Pow'r out-done,
And ſee on Earth a far more glorious Sun.

To this Retreat by chance *Celario* came,
In Mind ſedate, untouch'd by Beauty's Flame;
With Joy he gaz'd upon the crimſon Sky,
The ſetting Sun, and circling Clouds on high;
Which glitter'd all around the diſtant Mead,
A golden Hue, mix'd with a lively Red.

He

He liſten'd to each Bird's delicious Note,
And ſaw the cryſtal Riv'let gently float;
Obſerv'd the blooming Flow'rs, the ſhady Trees,
And felt the Breathing of the cooling Breeze.
Theſe Nature's Beauties he alone admir'd,
And with a gen'rous Senſe of Heav'n was fir'd;
That glorious Pow'r he prais'd, whoſe Hand beſtow'd
Theſe wond'rous Bleſſings for a World of Good.
At length he wander'd to the ſilent Shade,
Where wrapt in Reſt the lovely Virgin laid;
Where under bending Trees the Nymph had choſe
To breathe the balmy Air, and ſoft Repoſe:
Her dazling Charms now flaſh'd upon his Sight,
As ſwift as Thought, and fair as Heav'n-born Light;
Sted faſt he ſeem'd to gaze with deep Surprize,
And ſacred Homage ſat within his Eyes:
Fix'd to the Ground he ſtood, whilſt trembling Fear
Shot thro' his Limbs, like Damps of wintry Air:
Both pain'd and pleas'd at once he ſeem'd to be,
Now gaz'd, then turn'd, as if he dar'd not ſee;
Now back he ſtarted, then he forward ſtole,
Such various Paſſions ſeiz'd upon his Soul.
At length he thought whate'er ſo bright cou'd ſhine,
Muſt mean no ill, but ſurely be divine;
For can it be, that any Pow'r is giv'n
To ought that's ill, to ſhape itſelf like Heav'n?
Thus he awhile revolv'd within his Mind,
Then thought again, and vary'd like the Wind;

Upon

Upon her Form he rivetted his Sight,
Too soon enchanted with the dear Delight.
Her fairclos'd Eyes he view'd, her Shape and Air,
Which mix'd his Pleasure with a trembling Fear.
A thousand Beauties revell'd in her Face,
And ev'ry Feature spoke a pleasing Grace.
Her Lips were moisten'd with a balmy Dew,
And of the fairest Morn's Vermillion Hue:
The Lily's Whiteness, and the Rose's Red,
With beauteous Bloom, were in her Cheeks display'd;
The flutt'ring Breezes did around her stray,
Snatch'd fragrant Kisses, and then sigh'd away;
He feasted on her Smiles, her gentle Mein,
And all that Heav'n of Love which might be seen;
Nor did his modest Fancy with the Rest,
His Sighs he charm'd, and thought himself too blest.
But, ah! unhappy Chance, whilst thus the Swain,
'Twixt Hope and Fear, a Pleasure and a Pain,
Was seiz'd with deep Surprize, the lovely Maid,
Who all the Time in downy Sleep was laid,
With panting Sighings trembled at her Breast,
As if some frightful Dream had broke her Rest;
A dewy Damp her changing Cheeks o'er-spread,
Sudden she started from the flow'ry Bed,
Unclos'd her Eyes, and rear'd her trembling Head:
When soon she saw the Swain *Celario* near,
Aloud she shriek'd, and spoke some dismal Fear:
"Hah! art thou there, she said,—thou Monster foul,
"Bane to my Rest, and Torture to my Soul;
"Thank

" Thank Heav'n — I was forewarn'd within my
" Dream,
" Thou worſt of Satyrs, of thy luſtful Flame."
This ſpoke, like Light'ning's Blaſt, away ſhe flies,
And darts Reſentment from her angry Eyes.
So when the harmleſs Turtle ſeeks Repoſe,
And on ſome ſhady Tree begins to doſe,
If frightful Men paſs by her verdant Seat,
She quickly leaves her late ſecure Retreat:
With trembling Wings ſhe cleaves the yielding Air,
And adds more Swiftneſs to her Flight by Fear.
Amaz'd and thoughtful ſad *Celario* ſtood,
Now chilling Coldneſs ſeiz'd his vital Blood:
Now fiercer Fires into his Breaſt return,
And flame like thoſe when raging Fevers burn.
Thrice he eſſay'd to ask th' affrighted Maid,
Why did ſhe fly, of whom was ſhe afraid?
What horrid Story did ſhe mean to tell?
And what her Tongue ſo trembled to reveal?
Much did he ſtrive to ſpeak, but ſtrove in vain,
Whilſt ſhe, coy Fair, fled o'er the diſtant Plain.
Now did reſiſtleſs Love begin to ſway,
And teach his new-found Subject to obey:
O'er all his Soul th' imperial Tyrant reigns,
And ſpreads, like Poiſon, thro' his glowing Veins.
Firſt, he began to rave, and ſpeak his Pain,
Then wept and mourn'd, then wildly rav'd again;
Now ſat him down, his Hand ſuſtain'd his Head,
Then threw himſelf upon the flow'ry Bed;
Now roſe and walk'd, then curs'd the treach'rous
Day,
Wiſh'd 'twas eternal Night, then dy'd away:

A clayey Chilneſs darted thro' his Breaſt,
As if he'd fled to his eternal Reſt.
Thus for a Time he laid in Damps of Cold,
And to his panting Boſom graſp'd the Mould.
At length he rear'd him from the deadly Maſs,
Then ſtar'd aghaſt, and wonder'd where he was;
Now ſeem'd to think to wreck his wand'ring Mind,
Then mix'd theſe trembling Words amidſt the Wind:

"Where ſhall I fly, to whom ſhall I complain,
"And tell this Anguiſh, this Exceſs of Pain?
"Shall I to Men th' unhappy Tale make known?
"Ah! — ſome have too much Sorrow of their "own;
"Others with Bliſs may all their Thoughts em-"ploy,
"And can they hear of Grief, who think on Joy?
"To Heaven then, I'll tell my ſecret Flame,
"Yet, oh! to Heav'n, it was from thence it came.
"Let me then tell it to that Hell below,
"Where Wretches dwell, but they delight in Woe.
"Here, here I'll ſit me down, and ſigh and mourn,
"Whilſt back unto myſelf my Plaints return;
"I'll tell it to the Streams, the Winds ſhall hear,
"They'll give me Sigh for Sigh, and Tear for "Tear."

Thus feelingly he moan'd his tort'ring Pain,
It mov'd Compaſſion in the neighb'ring Plain;
There, dying Eccho's caught the mournful Tale,
And ſent it back unto the diſtant Vale.

BOOK II.

The Argument.

Celario *grown weary of his Retirement, wanders about in Purſuit of* Caſſandra; *but finding it in vain, and being tired, he lays himſelf down upon the Ground, and falls aſleep. She appears to him in a Dream, and ſeems to tell him the Reaſon of her being affrighted, and flying from the Place where he firſt ſaw her: That ſhe had heard of his Love, and would look with Scorn upon all the trifling Beaus ſhe formerly adhered too, and think on him alone. But at length, the Exceſs of Joy which this Phantom occaſioned, wakes him from his Reſt. He grows more uneaſy at finding it is but a flattering Viſion, and afterwards addreſſes himſelf to* Cupid, *who is unmindful of his Complaint, though at the ſame Time he is heard by* Venus, *and favoured with her Aſſiſtance.*

AT length grown weary of his [redacted] Retreat,
He roſe, and left the now unpleaſing Seat;
Thence ſwiftly flies with deep and reſtleſs Care,
Hunts ev'ry Dale to ſeek the wand'ring Fair:
No Fair he finds to cure his Grief's Exceſs,
Now ſeeks for Patience as his beſt Redreſs.
Thus ſprings the wounded Stag from out the Wood,
Imbrewing all the Hills with purple Blood,
To find Relief, and eaſe his deadly Smart,
While in his Breaſt remains the fatal Dart:
So ſad *Celario* ſtrives in vain to find,
Relentleſs Patience to relieve his Mind;

For Patience proves as cruel as his Fair,
Flies from his Search, and leaves him to his Care.
The troubled Sea would ſooner be at Reſt,
At his Command, than his more troubled Breaſt,
When Heav'n permits the bluſt'ring Winds to blow,
And cauſes all the Waves to ebb and flow.
In frantic Mood, to ev'ry Hill and Grove,
He haſtes for Succour, and reveals his Love;
The Hills and Groves give Pity to his Moan,
And all Things hear him, but the Fair alone.
To ev'ry Nymph he tells his wretched Pain,
And where ſhe's fled, enquires of ev'ry Swain.
Each joyful Swain his Anguiſh would remove,
Bids him be happy, and forget his Love:
Each gentle Nymph with Envy treats the Fair,
And bids him take ſome kinder to his Care.
But this is Counſel which he muſt deſpiſe,
The Way to win, is wiſely to adviſe.
[illegible]earch he ſpent the ling'ring Day,
[illegible]n vain to chaſe his Cares away.
So ſeeks the Pilot on the pathleſs Main,
'Midſt ſtormy Winds, and black'ning Show'rs of Rain,
To find the Brightneſs of his guiding Star,
Which yet remains unfound in gloomy Air.
The weary Sun had now repos'd his Head,
For golden Slumbers on his ſable Bed;
The Silver Orb of *Cynthia*'s feeble Light
Rear'd her faint Beams, and ſpoke approaching Night:
The Swain tir'd out with Grief, his Eye-lids clos'd,
Then laid him down, and with the Sun repos'd.

The

The cold and clayey Earth he gently preſs'd,
While ſhiv'ring Breezes fann'd his glowing Breaſt;
When ſtraight the Nymph, his Thoughts perpetual Theme,
With gentle Mein, with winning Softneſs came,
And ſtood before him in a pleaſing Dream.
Like Heaven's Queen ſhe ſeem'd, divinely fair,
A thouſand Charms diſclaiming artful Care,
Sport in her Form, and revel in her Air:
The little wanton Lovers, ſerene and gay,
Smile in her Face, and in her Boſom play;
Such various Sweets diſplays the radiant Eye
Of bluſhing Morning in a cryſtal Sky:
Trembling and glad, tranſported and amaz'd,
With ſudden Starts the panting Lover gaz'd;
Her beaut'ous Form did all his Thoughts employ,
And ev'ry Sorrow melted into Joy.
He ſeem'd to revel in a Maze of Charms,
And claſp the dear Deluſion in his Arms;
When with a gentle Voice the lovely Maid,
(While on her downy Breaſt he lean'd his Head)
Thus deign'd to ſay, or thus he thought ſhe ſaid:
" Riſe, riſe, *Celario*, ever faithful Swain,
" For, lo! I've heard, and pity all your Pain;
" Wing'd by Surprize, from my Retreat I flew,
" As little thinking what I ſaw was you:
" A dreadful Dream has ruffled all my Mind,
" And made me frantick as the trembling Wind.
" Methought I ſaw an horrid Satyr riſe,
" Who ſtar'd me into Shame with frightful Eyes:
" Such Words he ſpoke, too horrible to tell,
" Which he nor bluſh'd, nor faulter'd to reveal:

" A deadly

" A deadly Dagger, dy'd in reeking Blood,
" Unſheath'd, he brandiſh'd, as he threat'ning
" ſtood,
" Which ſeem'd alone to know the Way to
" kill,
" When ſtedfaſt Virtue diſobey'd his Will:
" This oft he darted at my trembling Head,
" Then cou'd, ah! cou'd you blame me that I
" fled?
" No; 'tis not for my Flight you blame me then,
" But that I've waſted Smiles on ſenſeleſs Men;
" Have been regardleſs of Reſpect that's due
" To Truth and Wiſdom, Gratitude and you;
" Made Scoff of thoſe who Senſe and Virtue
" know,
" To pleaſe that witleſs glitt'ring Thing a Beau:
" Thoſe gaudy Forms our fickle Eyes may move,
" But Senſe alone creates a laſting Love.
" Yet thus rebellious to the imperial Boy,
" No Anguiſh I endur'd, and felt no Joy:
" Take me, O take me to his gentle Reign,
" I've learnt to love, by learning Lovers Pain:
" For now my Morn of Life is roſe to Day,
" And ductile Years expand bright Wiſdom's Way.
" From all thoſe Trifiers I'll with Scorn remove,
" And fix my Heart where Merit bids me love:
" With thee my Joy began, with thee ſhall end,
" Thou beſt Companion, and thou deareſt Friend."
Here Height of Paſſion robb'd him of the Bliſs,
For Joy is Pain when lifted to Exceſs:
He ſtarted from the Earth, and rear'd his Head,
While with his Reſt the airy Viſion fled;
Thro' all the gloomy Place he ſtretch'd his Sight,
By *Cynthia* favour'd with a twinkling Light;

His

His longing Looks survey'd the lonely Ground,
To find the Nymph; but when no Nymph he found,
Again to Slumber he'd resign his Eyes,
But wish'd for Slumber as unkindly flies.
Yet still the dear Idea haunts his Mind,
And smiles upon him affable and kind;
Her charming Voice still thrills within his Ear,
And fix'd he stands, as in suspense to hear:
But soon these airy Phantoms ceas'd to please,
Fled all away, and with them fled his Ease.
What now remains to sooth his languid Heart,
This flatt'ring Dream but added to his Smart:
Yet tho' it cur'd not, but encreas'd his Pain,
He wish'd (strange Force of Love!) to dream again.

So when the Warriour feels an aching Wound,
He seeks no Cure, but still maintains his Ground;
Heedless of Danger, does at at all things dare,
Pants after Glory, and pursues the War.
Throughout the Gloom, the Swain with Grief and Scorn,
Of all things, but his Fairest, rov'd till Morn;
Yet what avail'd the Morn or Day to him?
Nought but the Nymph had share of his Esteem.
No Glimpse of Joy cou'd sooth his pining Care,
Divert his Grief, or turn him from Despair:
All Commerce with the World he wish'd to shun,
The Air he hated, and the splendid Sun,
Retir'd to Shades again, and sigh'd alone:
Or to some lonely Cave that's free from Light,
Where Rest is wrapt within eternal Night;

He ſought to ſooth his never-ceaſing Pain,
And left the Walks of ev'ry joyful Swain.
Not even Harmony cou'd give him Reſt,
Whoſe Charms have Pow'r to ſooth a ſavage Breaſt;
For gentle *Silvia* tun'd a pleaſing Song,
And Muſick's Softneſs thrill'd upon her Tongue;
Yet he remain'd unmov'd in deep Diſtreſs,
Whilſt other Hearers melted into Bliſs.
Thus long he pin'd, and wander'd here and there,
To ſeek the Nymph, the Cauſe of all his Care;
But finding none, he beats his panting Breaſt,
And to the God of Love himſelf addreſs'd:
Theſe ſuppliant Words his ſullen Silence broke,
And Eccho's ſelf ſeem'd liſt'ning as he ſpoke.
" O thou enchanting Babe! thou lovely Boy!
" Thou Son of gentle *Venus*, heav'nly Joy,
" Who by thy Pow'r, or never-failing Skill,
" Mak'ſt Gods and Men obedient to thy Will;
" With lively Influence of thy bright'ning Ray,
" From vulgar Minds can drive dull Cares away:
" Stir them to ſenſual Bliſs, and make them great
" As mighty Monarchs 'midſt a World of State;
" But in the noble Soul what Senſe you move,
" Of Virtue, Friendſhip, and eternal Love:
" Oh! lay aſide thy pointed Arrows now,
" Thy deadly Poiſon, and thy gilded Bow!
" Come with thy Mother's ſweet endearing
" Smiles,
" Her cordial Looks, but not her treach'rous
" Wiles;

" Come

" Come to me now with your auſpicious Aid,
" And kindly heal the cruel Wound you've
" made."

Thus he the Trifler begg'd, but begg'd in vain,
For *Cupid*'s chief Delight is Mortal's Pain:
He ſmiles to ſee a pining Swain's Deſpair,
A tortur'd Slave, and a relentleſs Fair.
Ah! heedleſs Lover, to addreſs that Pow'r,
To think the Hand who gave the Grief wou'd
cure:
And ſhou'd he make *Caſſandra* feel his Dart,
That every Blow might heal a double Smart;
Love ſhoots but one, to cauſe a Lover's Pain,
For t'other's Wound might heal them both again.
But what if *Cupid*'s Joy be Men's Diſtreſs,
The Joy of *Venus* is their am'rous Bliſs:
She heard the Swain, her Breaſt with Pity mov'd;
For more he loves than ever Mortal lov'd.
Unask'd, ſhe liſten'd to his humble Pray'r,
And made his Suff'rings her peculiar Care.
The gentle Goddeſs wav'd her ſportive Head,
Commanded Silence, and each Pow'r obey'd;
Enchanting Muſick melted on her Tongue,
And thus ſhe ſweetly ſaid, or thus ſhe ſung:
" Where is this little God, this treach'rous Boy?
" Pain of the Earth, altho' of Heav'n the Joy:
" Tell me, ye Nymphs, where is my *Cupid* fled,
" What pleaſing Miſchief roves within his Head?
" Go, ſeek the Trifler, whereſoe'er he be,
" Fly, ſwiftly fly, and bring him here to me."
With Duty wing'd, they flew like glancing Air,
Sought ev'ry Place with more than uſual Care:

At length they found him aiming with his Dart,
His Bow just drawn, to strike a trembling Heart;
Which soon they seiz'd, and to the Goddess brought
Th' affrighted Babe, as quick as human Thought;
Sullen and sad he look'd, but bowing still,
He ask'd his Mamma her imperial Will.

BOOK III.

The Argument.

Venus *reasons with* Cupid *concerning the Pains of mortal Minds, which he is the Author of, and commands him to inform* Cassandra *of* Celario's *Love, and to ease his Care. Accordingly he descends unseen, and finds the Nymph smiling upon a Crowd of Fops and Beaus, until* Celario *(who was before acquainted where he might find her) comes to the same Place, and tells her his Passion. At first he meets with a Denial, which* Cupid *himself seems to be pleas'd with: But* Venus *reminding him by some secret Intimation of his Message, he performs it, and privately ascends. At length* Cassandra *begins to feel the Effects of Love, and permits* Hymen *to celebrate their Nuptials; which, with a short Relation of their mutual Happiness, concludes the Whole.*

NOW *Venus* smiles her little God to see,
And gently lifts him to her tott'ring Knee;
Her twining Arms about his Neck she throws,
And balmy Kisses on his Lips bestows;
Receives him with a Mother's dearest Joy,
And speaks thus kindly to her fondling Boy:

"How

" How can you, *Cupid*, thus delight in Woe,
" And give ſuch Anguiſh to the World below?
" Miſtake me not, I do not blame thee, Dear,
" That thou'rt the Author of a Lover's Care:
" But then I'd have thee, after ſome Diſtreſs,
" To crown thy Conqueſt with a gen'rous Bliſs.
" Is it not Virtue to be juſt and kind,
" And give a Cordial to th' afflicted Mind?
" Ev'n Men themſelves, altho' they cannot heal
" The Lover's Pain, a ſoft Compaſſion feel:
" And ſhall it e'er be ſaid, that Man's ſo good,
" When all is wanting in a pow'rful God?
" Think better, Child, and eaſe this gentle Swain,
" Go tell *Caſſandra* of his careful Pain;
" Fly to the Fair, and teach her Heart of Steel
" The pining Anguiſh which fond Lovers feel;
" Inſtruct her well the ſoft'ning Tale of Love,
" Which we ourſelves have deign'd to learn
" above:
" Haſte, deareſt Boy, and theſe Commands obey."
She ſpoke, he bow'd, and cut his airy Way.
Each gay Attendant in his Station flies,
And joyful ranges o'er the limpid Skies;
By wanton Sparrows drawn, his gilded Car
Steers by the Wind, and cleaves the yielding Air:
To Earth they pinion from the Realms of Light,
(As Gods are never ſeen by human Sight)
Clad in a Cloud, and wrapt in ſable Night.
Thus ſecret and unknown, the Fair he found,
Where ſenſeleſs glitt'ring Beaus ſtood all around,
Snatching the Glances of her ſparkling Eyes,
Whilſt one rejoices, t'other ſighs and dies.

Her Smiles ſhe laviſh'd 'midſt this gaudy Crew,
'Till wing'd by Love, *Celario* hither flew;
Where Fame had told him he might find his Fair,
Or rather guided by his ſhining Star,
The heav'nly *Venus*, who with kind Relief
Rewarded all his Care, and eas'd his Grief.
Whelm'd in a Flood of Joy, he ſcarce cou'd find
A Tongue to tell his ever faithful Mind;
Down to the Earth he lowly bow'd his Head,
Then gaz'd upon her Form, and bluſhing ſaid:
" Forgive me Fair, who bear'ſt ſuch pow'rful Sway,
" And learn'ſt the World, like Gods themſelves,
" t'obey.
" If thus to Beauty's Shrine I trembling move,
" Pay all my Vows, and dare to tell my Love;
" An Age of Pain for you alone I've born,
" Then do not quit me with an Age of Scorn:
" Let pitying Softneſs all your Boſom warm,
" And love Compaſſion, as you love to charm.
" As Heaven on thee its gracious Pow'r beſtow'd,
" Like Heaven be tender, and delight in Good:
" No common Motive ſtirs my pureſt Flame,
" Which ſullies Love with ſelf-tormenting
" Shame,
" But real Friendſhip, deareſt, beſt Eſteem.
" Others may win thee with more pleaſing Air,
" But none reſpect thee with a Faith ſo dear.
" O ſmile upon my Hopes! indulgent Maid,
" And eaſe the Anguiſh which your Eyes have
" made."
Thus ſpoke the Swain, with Stops and ſeeming Stay,
As if he oft had wanted Words to ſay;

But

But gentle *Venus* gave her gracious Aid,
And oft ſhe whiſper'd what he trembling ſaid.
So when ſome skilful Poet tunes his Lays,
And ſings of Heav'n, of Love, or Beauty's Praiſe,
Oft'times his Meaning faulters on his Tongue,
And Words are wanting to expreſs his Song;
When ſtraight his Genius to his Aid is brought,
And Words attend on Words as quick as Thought.
The beaut'ous Fair, who heard the Lover's Tale,
As kind as if his Speech did all prevail,
Smil'd at his tim'rous Suit, and thus rejoin'd,
Tho' oft ſhe vary'd in her ſecret Mind:
" 'Tis true, *Celario*, I have heard thy Name,
" Thy Senſe and Virtues prais'd by ſounding Fame;
" Have heard you love, and pity your Diſtreſs;
" But what is Pity, when it wants Redreſs?
" I own you juſtly may upbraid my Mind,
" And call it baſe, obdurate, and unkind:
" Others may make you happier far than I,
" 'Tis eaſy to forget my Pow'r and try:
" Or can you teach my Heart how Love ſhall be;
" I'll grant your Suit, and give it all to thee.
" But now forgive me, if I can't remove
" From what I think my Joy, to live on Love,
" To leave the Pleaſures of a Virgin State,
" Admir'd by one alone, is what I hate."
This ſaid, again ſhe ſmil'd, and all around
The Beaus, with witleſs Laughter, ſhook the Ground;
Ev'n *Cupid*'s ſelf, unſeen, was pleas'd to hear
Theſe cruel Words, and ſee the Swain's Deſpair:
But kinder *Venus*, by ſome ſecret Way,
The trifling God reminded to obey:

When

When ſtraight he levell'd his unwilling Dart,
It faintly flew, but touch'd the Virgin's Heart:
A Lover's Softneſs, which ſhe bluſh'd to find,
Seiz'd on her ſtubborn Breaſt, and mov'd her Mind.
The little Archer made no longer Stay,
But, call'd by *Venus*, ſwiftly fled away.
Now gen'rous Paſſions in each Breaſt ariſe,
And ſeem to ſpeak in both their conſcious Eyes;
The Nymph began to hate the gaudy Train,
And think on none but her devoted Swain.
Some fair Excuſe ſhe made, and left the Place,
While ſad Confuſion ſat on ev'ry Face:
The glitt'ring Beaus with little Pain retir'd,
For by their Eyes is ev'ry Nymph admir'd.
To ſome more ſimple She they'll now remove,
Swear idle Vows, and prattle ſenſeleſs Love;
Pretend to cruel Pain, and ſoft Diſtreſs,
And win thoſe Beauties who are won by Dreſs;
Whoſe chief Delight is diff'rent Means to try,
To make thoſe gaudy Foplings ſigh and die:
A thouſand various Arts and Ways they have,
To mar thoſe Charms which bounteous Nature gave.
So oft' unſpotted Forms in Picture ſhine,
The Canvas ſeems to live, the Work divine:
But if to mend ſome Hand unskilful tries,
The Work grows tainted, and the Picture dies.
Yet drown'd in Care, the nobler Swain withdrew,
And to his kinder Fair he quickly flew;
For Paſſion, as he thought, did ſeem to ſpeak
Within her Breaſt, and pleaded for his Sake.

Then

Then what Deſires in Female Minds can be?
What Wiſhes can they have, which Love can't ſee?
Again he tells her of his true Reſpect,
And now ſhe hears him with no mean Neglect;
But all propitious to his ſuppliant Pray'r,
She ſtopt his Speech, and thus redreſs'd his Care.
" Too much you've ſuffer'd for *Caſſandra's*
" Sake,
" And ſome Return my Reaſon bids me make;
" Or it wou'd be ungrateful and untrue,
" And that wou'd pain me more, than Love
" pains you:
" For ſure no other Fault ſo great can be,
" As baſe Ingratitude has ſeem'd to me.
" Yet why did you not ſeek ſome private Time?
" For tho' no Fame can ſay your Love's a Crime,
" You ſhou'd have whiſper'd in a Virgin's Ear;
" For Love's a Tale they ever bluſh to hear:
" But ſtill in Honour's ſacred Ways purſue,
" And all my future Thoughts ſhall ſmile on
" you."
A ſweet Vermillion Bluſh her Cheeks o'er-ſpread,
While on his panting Breaſt ſhe lean'd her Head.
And now ſuch Joy's Exceſs, ſuch heav'nly
Pow'r
The Lover feels, as ne'er was felt before;
A boundleſs Pleaſure leapt in ev'ry Part,
And Raptures revell'd at his panting Heart.
No greater Bleſſing cou'd his Wiſh deſire,
Nor ev'n Ambition's ſelf to happier Thoughts
aſpire.
At length glad *Hymen*, ever juſt and kind,
Joins both their Hands, with which their Hearts
are join'd. The

The ſacred Pow'rs of Love behold with Pride,
A faithful Bridegroom, and a happy Bride.
All Nature ſmiles, and looks more bright and gay,
To hail their Joys, and bleſs the glorious Day.
Their well-pair'd Minds the Marriage Pleaſures prove,
And taſte the Sweets of Harmony and Love:
No loud domeſtick Jars their Eaſe moleſt,
But each in t'other's Temper truly bleſt,
Partakes the Balm of ſoft and pleaſing Reſt.
They live together with a dear Eſteem,
He joys in her alone, and ſhe in him.
If ever in her Mind ſhe hid a Care,
To him unknown, ſhe robb'd him of his Share:
Whene'er he talk'd, ſhe liſten'd to his Tongue,
Sweet Songs of her he made, which ſhe as ſweetly ſung.
And ſtill as Time with ſtealing Swiftneſs flies,
Each finds in t'other's Soul new Beauties riſe.
With him her laſting Charms will ever ſtay,
And not with Youth, like other's, glide away:
For that fair Virtue which to her is giv'n,
Forms in his Thoughts the trueſt Senſe of Heav'n.
With her his Truth, his Friendſhip, and his Love,
Will e'er remain, and not with Time remove;
Such Tenderneſs and Faith their Thoughts employ,
That ev'ry Moment brings new Scenes of Joy.
No other State they chuſe, and think there's none
So truly happy, as they think their own.
They gaze on no one with reproachful Eyes,
The Great nor Envy, nor the Mean deſpiſe;

But all their Wiſhes in the bliſsful State
Are fix'd, and conſtant as eternal Fate.
Thus, O ye Fair Ones! may ye all receive,
With Men of Senſe, the Joy this State can give!
May ye who ſtudy Virtue's golden Rules,
Avoid the Herd of noiſy flutt'ring Fools,
Who prattle Stories of each harmleſs Fair,
Whom plighted Oaths and broken Vows enſnare.
They tell how Fair-Ones for the Fopling griev'd,
And boaſt of Favours which they ne'er receiv'd.
Their buſy Scandal taints the brighteſt Day,
And blaſts that Honour — which they can't betray:
Nor do they think that Senſe, with Virtue join'd,
Can e'er be found within a Female Mind:
But ſtill purſue the Bad, who pleaſe and vex
With all the Arts and Lewdneſs of the Sex.
From Face to Face their fickle Fancies rove,
Thro' Error's Way they call the Wilds of Love;
The Gifts of Nature they but ill employ,
And look on Marriage as the Grave of Joy.
Yet theſe are Thoughts ungen'rous and unjuſt,
And thus they think, becauſe they dare not truſt:
But ſtill let Fools the Marriage-State deſpiſe,
'Tis Heav'n to them who can be truly wiſe.

On the Burſer of St. John's-College, Oxon, *cutting down a fine Row of Trees.*

INdulgent Nature to each Kind beſtows
A ſecret Inſtinct to diſcern its Foes:

The Gooſe, a ſilly Bird, avoids the Fox;
Lambs fly from Wolves; and Sailors ſteer from Rocks;
A Rogue the Gallows, as his Fate, foreſees,
And bears the like Antipathy to Trees.

IN Church, the Pray'r-Book and the Fan diſplay'd,
And ſolemn Court'ſies, ſhew the wily Maid;
At Plays, the leering Looks, and wanton Airs,
And Nods, and Smiles, are fondly meant for Snares.
Alas! vain Charmer, you no Lovers get;
There you ſeem Hypocrite, and here Coquet.

JEALOUSY. *By a Lady.*

OH ſhield me from his Rage, cœleſtial Powers,
This Tyrant that embitters all my Hours.
Ah, Love, you've poorly play'd the Monarch's Part,
You conquer'd, but you can't defend my Heart.
So bleſt was I, throughout thy happy Reign,
I thought this Monſter baniſh'd from thy Train;
But you would raiſe him, to ſupport your Throne,
And now he claims your Empire as his own:
Or tell me, Tyrants, have you both agreed,
That where one reigns, the other ſhall ſucceed?

THE Town reports the Falſhood of my Dear;
To which I cry, Oh that I could not hear!
I love her ſtill; Peace then, thou Babler *Fame*,
And let me reſt contented in my Shame.

On Mrs. BIDDY FLOYD.

WHEN *Cupid* did his Grandsire *Jove* intreat,
To form some Beauty by a new Receipt,
Jove sent and found, far in a Country Scene,
Truth, Innocence, Good-nature, Look serene;
From which Ingredients, first, the dext'rous Boy
Pick'd the Demure, the Awkard, and the Coy;
The Graces from the Court did next provide
Breeding, and Wit, and Air, and decent Pride;
These *Venus* cleans'd from every spurious Grain
Of nice, coquet, affected, pert, and vain:
Jove mixt up all, and his best Clay employ'd;
Then call'd the happy Composition, *Floyd*.

To a SEMPSTRESS.

OH what Bosom but must yield,
When, like *Pallas*, you advance,
With a Thimble for your Shield,
And a Needle for your Lance?
Fairest of the stitching Train,
Ease my Passion by your Art;
And, in Pity to my Pain,
Mend the Hole that's in my Heart.

To a Lady who made Posies for Rings.

I Little thought the Time would ever be
That I should Wit in dwarfish Posies see:
As all Words in few Letters live,
Thou to few Words all Sense dost give.
'Twas Nature taught you this rare Art,
In such a little, much to shew,
Who all the Good, she did impart
To Womankind, epitomiz'd in you.

A Nymph and a Swain to *Apollo* once pray'd;
The Swain had been jilted, the Nymph been betray'd:
They came for to try if his Oracle knew
E'er a Nymph that was chaſte, or a Swain that was true.
Apollo ſtood mute, and had like t' have been pos'd,
At Length he thus ſagely the Queſtion diſclos'd:
He alone may be true, in whom none will confide;
And the Nymph may be chaſte, that has never been try'd.

MARTUCIO *and* CONSTANCIA. *A Novel from* Boccace.

IN that ſmall Iſland which extends before
The wide Frontiers of the *Sicilian* Shore,
And from *Lipario* does derive its Name,
A Beauteous Virgin of unſpotted Fame
And well deſcended, did a while reſide,
Admir'd by all, and of that Iſle the Pride;
Love did at laſt the Charming Maid ſurprize,
Shot from the Glances of *Martucio*'s Eyes;
A great Deportment had the lovely Boy,
All that cou'd win the Fair he did enjoy,
And none but Fortune to the Youth was coy.
Soon in her Eyes he read the ſoft Deſire,
And for *Conſtantia* burn'd with equal Fire;
Now the Connubial Rites alone remain,
To crown their Pleaſures and reward their Pain.

He

He to the rigid Father oft apply'd
For his Conſent, and was as oft deny'd,
Their diſtant Fortunes muſt the Match retard,
And only Money wou'd the Dad regard.
At this unjuſt Repulſe he much concern'd,
Loudly complaining of his Fate, return'd,
Collects his ſlender Fortune that remain'd,
And a ſmall Veſſel on the Coaſt obtain'd;
Upon the various Seas reſolves to rove,
In mournful Abſence and deſpairing Love;
And ne'er again *Liparia* to behold,
Till Plunder had procur'd him Heaps of Gold.
Long on the fam'd *Barbarian* Coaſt he ſail'd,
And all leſs Veſſels than his own aſſail'd,
Nor of Succeſs the Conqu'ring Pyrate ſail'd.
Subtle and Bold, thus haſtning to be great,
He quickly purchas'd an immenſe Eſtate.
But as curs'd Avarice the Mind inſpires,
For Heaps on Heaps with unconfin'd Deſires;
Whilſt ſtill of ev'ry Ship upon the Coaſt,
He thought (like *Æſop*'s Dog) to make the moſt,
He ſnap'd at Shadows, and the Subſtance loſt;
For now a ſtout Opponent he engag'd
And both with equal Courage and enrag'd
Did long the dubious Combat well maintain,
And dy'd with hoſtile Blood the trembling Main;
But with unequal Numbers born away,
At laſt a Captive at the Feet he lay
Of the proud Victor, who in Chains ſecur'd
Th' undaunted Youth to Bondage unimur'd.
Of all his Riches thus unjuſtly won,
Now diſpoſſeſs'd, deſerted, and undone.

To *Tunis* they with Acclamations brought
The welcome Ship with ſuch a Conqueſt fraught,
And to the loathſome Priſon ſoon convey'd,
The Spoilor ſpoil'd, and deſtitute of Aid;
Where weak with Hunger, and debarr'd of Reſt,
He long remain'd with pond'rous Cares oppreſs'd.
Now buſy Fame had at *Liparia* told,
That young *Martucio*, once the Brave the Bold,
Was to devouring *Neptune* fall'n a Prey,
And with his brave Companions caſt away.
Conſtantia, who lamented much before
His haſty Flight from the *Liparian* Shore,
Now feels ten thouſand agonizing Pains,
And ſcarce with Life the diſmal News ſuſtains;
In wild Deſpair ſhe meditates on Ways,
With her own Hands to end her mournful Days;
The glitt'ring Poniard fiercely ſhe prepares
To pierce her Heart, but then diſſolv'd in Tears
She lays it down, then ſnatches it again;
Fear and deſpairing Rage alternate reign,
And oft ſhe yields, and oft attempts in vain.
Deteſting Life, and yet afraid to die
A Death ſo bloody, ſhe reſolves to try
A Way more pleaſing to her anxious Mind,
And with her Lover the ſame Grave to find.
Now to the Port in Haſte the Virgin flies,
And in the firſt weak empty Boat ſhe ſpies
She ſtraight embarks, and hoiſting up the Sail,
Skims o'er the River with a nimble Gale.
To the wide Ocean ſoon ſhe did arrive,
Deſiring never to return alive.
The Helm and Oars that us'd the Bark to guide,
She now throws over to th' impetuous Tide.

Then

Then cloſely wrapping her dejected Head,
In her looſe Robe, deſiring to be dead,
Down in the Bottom of the Boat ſhe lies,
Nor fears the raging Seas nor bluſt'ring Skies;
And ſoon expects that in the Seas profound,
By ſome rude Wave ſhe ſhall be ſurely drown'd:
But even here the Virgin loſt her End,
Nor wou'd grim Death, which ſhe invok'd, attend.
For the black Clouds diſperſe, and Winds allay,
And now ſoft *Zephyrs* on the Waters play,
Which gently drive her unconducted Boat
On a ſmall Town, from *Suſa* not remote.
Thus two long Days, the Tennis of the Winds
And Waves ſhe floated, peaceful Death to find;
Nor all the while erects herſelf, to ſee
If driv'n on Shore, or ſtill upon the Sea.
Cloſe by the Borders of the gentle Tide,
An antient Servant then by Chance employ'd,
Waſhing the Tackle with induſtrious Care,
And Nets that us'd the finny Prey t' inſnare.
Surpriz'd, beheld the Boat with full Carreer
Come ſailing in, but not a Soul appear;
But ſtepping in, to her Amazement found
A lovely Maid extended on the Ground,
Of beauteous Aſpect, in Repoſe profound.
Thrice to the ſlumb'ring Virgin loud ſhe ſpoke,
Who at the Sound as much amaz'd awoke,
When by the ſplendid Habit that ſhe wore,
Peculiar only to *Lipari*'s Shore,
She knew the Fair, did Adoration pay
To *Rome*'s great God, and his unbounded Sway.
I'th' *Latian* Language, to the Virgin known,
She asks what Fate convey'd her there alone.

Rouz'd

Rouz'd at a Voice whoſe Accent ſeem'd ſo kind,
She firſt imagin'd that the various Wind
Had to *Lipari* toſs'd her back again,
To add freſh Tortures to her anxious Pain;
But ſtarting up, ſhe views the Coaſt around,
And in new Wonders at the Proſpect drown'd,
Where am I, Gods? ſhe cries: What Place unknown,
On what new World is poor *Conſtantia* blown?
The pitying Slave advancing does unfold,
What Men, what Cuſtoms, and what Country told.
Then Floods of Tears from her refulgent Eyes
Came trickling down, while ſhe invokes the Skies:
Why from the Death, which I purſu'd ſo faſt,
Bleſt Heav'n (ſhe ſaid) cou'd you reſerve at laſt,
A Maid ſo young, ſo virtuous, and ſo pure,
That ſhe the worſt Misfortunes might endure,
To the rude Inſults and Attempts expos'd
Of barb'rous *Turks*, by Savages enclos'd;
My Honour firſt demanded as a Prey,
They'll vilely ſeize, and take my Life away.
The good old Servant did her Caſe lament,
And ſoon conducts her to her homely Tent;
Where more at large her diſmal Tale ſhe hears,
In a freſh Deluge of lamenting Tears.
Then to refreſh with courſe, but cleanly Fare,
Her drooping Spirits, kindly does prepare
Her choiceſt Viands, and did oft entreat,
E'er ſhe prevail'd the weeping Maid to eat.
Who now reviving, does deſire to know
From whence ſhe came, and how reduc'd ſo low.
She then return'd, ſhe from *Trepanum* came,
And *Carapreſa* was her only Name,

That

That to poor Fiſhers now ſhe did belong,
Who *Chriſtians* were, tho' ſavage *Turks* among:
At this the Virgin's Hopes again revive,
And ſhe ſeem'd pleas'd that ſhe's reſerv'd alive;
But wonder'd much in this unhappy State,
What Cauſe ſhe had to be ſo ſoon elate.
Then to her kind Protectreſs thus ſhe ſaid,
In Pity to a young and harmleſs Maid,
Dear *Carapreſa* ſome Aſſiſtance lend,
That I my Life and Honour may defend
From theſe Barbarians, nor by them be found,
And 'ſcape thoſe Dangers that my Life ſurround.
The kind poor Woman does in Haſte retire,
And dreſs'd herſelf in all her beſt Attire;
Then to *Conſtantia* with a ſmiling Air,
Returning now, ſhe cries, ſuſpend Deſpair,
And come with me to yon fair neighb'ring Seat,
Where I'll provide you a ſecure Retreat;
They went, and ſoon a kind Admittance found,
To a Majeſtick Matron much renown'd
For ev'ry Virtue, but above the reſt,
For gen'rous Bounty to the Poor diſtreſs'd.
To whom the Guide advancing, 'gins to tell
The ſtrange Misfortunes that the Maid befell;
And, to induce her to be ſtill more kind,
Th' heroic Virtues that adorn'd her Mind.
The melancholy Story ſoon o'ercame
With gen'rous Pity the relenting Dame,
Who bath'd in Tears embrac'd th' afflicted Fair,
And takes her under her peculiar Care.
Recluſe from Men, with pleaſing Care employ'd,
With more Companions of her Sex beſide.

In unknown various Oriental Arts,
She ſoon the Language of thoſe Eaſtern Parts,
So diff'ring from her own, with Eaſe obtain'd;
And from her gen'rous Lady quickly gain'd
Eſteem, and much reſpected by the reſt
She liv'd, and Love ſeem'd baniſh'd from her Breaſt.
While thus the loſt and much lamented Fair,
Whom e'er to re-behold, her Friends deſpair,
Retir'd in *Suſa* was confin'd to ſtay,
And ſpent in pleaſing Chat her Time away.
It chanc'd a Lord in fam'd *Granada*'s Town,
By War ambitious to obtain Renown.
To th' Sov'reignty of *Tunis* did pretend
A Right undoubted, threatning to contend
For the dear Prize to which he long aſpir'd
Againſt the lawful King; thus vainly fir'd,
A formidable Army ſoon he made,
And did the peaceful Town in furious Haſte invade.
Martucio, who by long Confinement there,
Had learnt the Language, quickly came to hear
The num'rous Forces, the diſorder'd State
Were raiſing to reſiſt a Pow'r ſo great;
Therefore in Haſte he to the Keeper told,
He'ad form'd a Project, might he once unfold
The ſame in Perſon to the gen'rous King,
That wou'd ſure Conqueſt to his Armies bring.
This to his Lord the Subſtitute declares,
Who with the Tydings to the Court repairs;
At this the King with Speed diſpatch'd away
Men to the Jail, to bring without Delay
Martucio to him; when the Youth appear'd,
And with due Homage had the Crown rever'd,

His

His Majeſty commands him than to tell,
By what ſtrange Means he might with eaſe expel
Th' approaching Forces of the pow'rful Foe,
And ſave his Country from impending Woe.
The wiſe Contrivance he at length reveal'd,
By which he knew they might obtain the Field;
And now the King and Court with great Applauſe
Approv'd his Council, while with loud Huzza's
The People Joy to ſee the Prince elate,
Who ſeem'd before dejected at his Fate.
To Arms they haſten to defend their Right,
And 'gainſt unequal Numbers join the Fight.
The twanging Bow, and ſlender pois'nous Dart
Were ſo contriv'd by this brave Captive's Art,
* That to the Foe they uſeleſs wou'd remain
When lodg'd amongſt them on the Crimſon Plain:
But all their Arrows theſe amongſt them found,
They made againſt their Enemy rebound;
Thus Show'rs of Darts upon their empty Foe,
They unreſiſted at the laſt cou'd throw,
And ſoon a glorious Conqueſt did obtain,
And with triumphant Shouts return'd again;
While great *Martucio*, crown'd with equal Praiſe,
The grateful Monarch did to juſt Preferment raiſe.
Soon his Deſerts and due Promotion, Fame
O'er all the Kingdom did aloud proclaim,
And ſoon the News to fair *Conſtantia* came.

* *The Stratagem was, to make the Knotch at the Bottom of their Arrows to be very ſmall, and to have ſmall Strings to their Bows, by this means they might uſe the Enemies Arrows again upon them, tho' they were incapable of uſing theirs.*

Now Love, that ſmoth'ring in her Boſom lay,
And by Oblivion ſeem'd expell'd away,
Breaks out in Flames more furious than before,
For the dear Youth ſhe did ſo much adore:
Then to her gen'rous Lady ſhe reveal'd
The Tale of Love, which ſhe before conceal'd;
And all her Life and Parentage relates,
And Perſecutions of the furious Fates,
Deſiring leave to *Tunis* to remove,
To feaſt her Senſes with the Scene of Love.
Her fond Protector kindly condeſcends,
And her ſo conſtant Paſſion much commends.
Then gladly Travell'd with the longing Maid,
To the dear place where her *Martucio* ſtaid;
And with a kind Relation lodg'd the Fair,
Who entertain'd them with obliging Care.
The good old Lady then with ſpeed prepares
To find the Youth, and to him ſoon declares
The joyful Tidings, that his only Dear,
The fair *Conſtantia*, was in Safety near.
The glad *Martucio* grateful Thanks return'd,
And with extream Deſire t'embrace her burn'd;
Then with the Matron haſt'ning, ſoon arriv'd,
Where now remain'd his long loſt Prize alive.
Soon as the Maid beheld his conqu'ring Charms,
With ſudden Tranſport fainted in his Arms.
The Youth too drown'd in Exſtaſy perceiv'd
Her beauteous Form, but ſcarce his Eyes believ'd.
In ſilent Adoration, and amaz'd,
A while they ſtood; at laſt *Martucio* rais'd
From his extream Surprize, he ſighing cry'd,
And art thou ſtill alive my lovely Bride,

Whom

Whom long I fancy'd in the Seas wert drown'd,
Have I again my vanquiſh'd Angel found?
To her Embraces then like Lightning flew,
And mutual Loves did once again renew;
And to each other did by turns impart,
The various Chances, and the ſtinging Smart
By cruel Abſence caus'd, and wild Deſpair,
And their Misfortunes ſweetly did compare.
Then kindly parting, to the King he went,
And having told the wond'rous Accident,
Begs his Permiſſion to depart away
T' his Native Country, there till Death to ſtay
With his lov'd Beauty. Soon the Prince conſents,
And e'er the Conſtant Pair from *Tunis* went,
With noble Preſents loads the gen'rous Boy,
Who did with Nuptial Rites compleat his Joy.
Nor did the grateful Youth neglect the Dame,
By whoſe kind Means he to *Conſtantia* came;
But loads with rich magnificent Rewards
The gen'rous Matron, whom he much regards.
Then to *Lipari* they at length remov'd,
Where laſt they parted, and where firſt they lov'd.
Great was the Joy with which they were receiv'd,
Who drown'd or ſlain had been by all believ'd.
With coſtly Banquets for a while they feaſt,
And long remain'd with endleſs Pleaſures bleſt.

A Dunce's Speech at School.

THE more I ſtrive to learn, the leſs I know,
Thus, like a Lobſter, do I backward go;
In vain you teach what I can't comprehend,
Either your Method, or my Judgment mend.

The

The METAMOPHOSES *of the* TOWN.

A Knight long abſent from the Town,
Who all its gay Delights had known,
Frequented Court, the Park and Plays
In good King *Charles* the Second's Days,
When Wit was cheriſhed and preferr'd,
And Taſte and Learning found regard;
But hold, for juſt Decorum ſake,
This Knight ſome *Nom de Guerre* muſt take,
Which may in Courſe hereafter ſhow him,
To be the Hero of a Poem:
We'll call him *Lindo*, let it paſs,
From whence he came, or who he was
No Circumſtance is of the Tale;
Politely Bred, rich, young and hale,
Thro' all the Rounds of Vice had run
In Search of Good, like *Solomon*,
Yet nought beneath the Sun he found,
On which his Happineſs to ground;
Quite tired with Pleaſures empty Chaſe,
He gave to better Thoughts a Place,
And to a Country Life retired,
There found that Bliſs his Soul deſired,
Sweet Air, cool Thoughts, and quiet Reſt,
Were, to his Intellects, a Feaſt;
And by the Difference made him find
A Scorn, for what he had left behind.
An eaſy Fortune, pleaſant Seat,
Compact, and elegantly Neat;
Well choſen Books adorn'd his Shelf,
And Rural Sports preſerve his Health;

Courted

Courted and lov'd by all around,
For Hoſpitality renown'd.
Yet prudent Management was ſeen,
Not too profuſe, nor yet too mean:
No Tenants Cries invade his Ears,
He had their Bleſſings and their Pray'rs;
An Happineſs he never knew,
'Midſt all his idle jovial Crew;
For *Lindo* had a Taſte refin'd,
A noble and exalted Mind;
Courteous to all, and yet reſerv'd,
He Freedoms for his Friends preſerv'd:
One more than all the reſt he choſe
On whom to fix his Soul's Repoſe,
Nor was miſtaken in his Aim,
For *Belus* merited his Claim:
To him he thus diſclos'd his Mind,
My Friend, ('tis true) I have reſign'd
A Life of Pleaſure long ago,
And yet, methinks, I'd gladly know
The Truth of what we daily hear,
And ſee how Things indeed appear.
Come, wilt thou take a Trip to Town
With me, unknowing and unknown?
Like Antiquaries we'll ſurvey
The Monuments of Time's Decay;
Sure it will yield a vaſt Delight,
To recollect each pleaſing Sight,
And ſee what Lives Succeſſors lead,
'Twill be like riſing from the Dead;
Well, ſtudy not for a Reply,
I read Compliance in your Eye,

To

To-morrow's Dawning Sun ſhall ſee,
We'll be as early out as he.
So up they came, and took their Inn,
At grizly Head of *Saracen*:
What Servants ſaid, or what they thought,
It to the Readers matters not;
For up to Town they brought not one,
Except the Beaſts they rode upon:
Here let them reſt a Day or two,
Then make a Tour, and take their View;
Unto the Church they firſt repair,
But found no Alteration there;
The ſelf-ſame Worſhip, undefil'd,
Lindo was taught when but a Child;
Thank Heav'n, cry'd he, ſo far we're right,
The reſt, I hope, is all but Spite.
Come now, we'll o'er the City range,
And viſit next the Old Exchange;
Where, like a Prince's Palace, Court
Agents, from all the World reſort;
'Tis now the Hour, and thou ſhalt ſee
An univerſal Empory ——
Belus, thou never wer't in Town,
Mark well the Riches here are ſhown;
The gold Brocades and curious Laces,
The crowded Shops and pretty Faces
Of ſmiling Nymphs, with all their Paces,
Of what d'ye lack? Sir, what d'ye buy?
The Money from the Purſe will fly;
For who ſuch Askers can deny?
Ha! what means this? the Gates are ſhut,
Pray Youth let me a Queſtion put.

You

You live ſo near, you can't but know,
From whence this ſudden Turn does flow?
The Boy reply'd, with ſaucy Air,
It is no ſudden Turn, I'll ſwear:
Where have you ſlept, old Father Time,
The Hours are chang'd from One 'till Nine.
Lindo who liv'd great as a Lord,
Honour'd by all, almoſt ador'd,
Was ſtrangely piqu'd, to find the Lad
No Grace nor better Manners had:
He knows me not, (thought he) 'tis true,
But Reverence to my Age is due;
It was not thus in former Years,
Reſpect attended ſilver Hairs;
Now ev'ry rude, ill-natur'd Chit,
Thinks Impudence a Piece of Wit:
Let's paſs by this, when up he came
And found but one poor Shop remain
Of Eighty two, which there he left,
He ſtood agaſt, ſome ſay he wept,
O Tempora, O Mores! ſaid he,
Here treated I my deareſt Lady;
Now ſtead of Pearls, and Diamond Drops,
Cobwebs are grown o'er all the Shops;
That which is left looks full as bad,
The Shelves are thin, the Maſter ſad;
What he has got, we'll go and try,
For ſure, 'tis Charity to buy.
Lindo a noble Purchaſe made,
Some few ſuch Chaps would raiſe a Trade,
And falling into Converſe free,
Had this Account of t'other three:

Salisbury has, for many Years
Been *Cecil-ſtreet*, which Name it bears;
And *Exeter*, has long ſince been
Tranſmitted to another Scene;
Where, ſtead of Dreſſes for the Head,
You'll now find Dreſſes for the Dead:
The *New Exchange*, in Part remains
But thinly Peopled, ſmall their Gains:
And ſince your Honour asks me why,
To ſhew the Cauſe, I now will try;
The Ladies Taſte is alter'd quite,
Whether for Grandeur, or Delight,
I can't reſolve, but ſadly find,
Shop Trade goes daily more behind;
What pratling Goſſips they admit,
To interlope and ſhew their Wit,
By carrying Tales from one to t'other,
A World of Faults in Goods they ſmother
They dearer ſell than we can do,
And yet divide our Profit too;
This hawking Traffic hugely takes,
And weekly freſh Inſolvents makes:
All this is wrong, good *Lindo* cries,
And hinders Trade and Merchandize;
I'm ſorry for theſe Truths you tell,
And wiſh it better, ſo farewel.
Now at *Pontack*'s we'll take a Bit
Shall quicken Nature's Appetite:
Here, ſhew a Room; what have you got?
The Waiter cries, what have we not?
All that the Seaſon can afford,
Freſh, fat and fine, upon my Word:
A Guinea Ordinary, Sir ———

Ay,

Ay, ay, let's have it quick and nice;
I'll ſerve your Honour in a Trice.
Well, thanks to Fortune, here's the Name,
The Houſe and Manners ſtill the ſame;
No Change throughout the whole appears,
But Faces by the Length of Years:
Now *Belus*, now thou ſoon ſhalt ſee
Earth, Air and Water yield to thee
Their Tribute of Variety.
The Cloth being laid, thereon was ſet,
A Courſe in all Reſpects compleat,
Adorn'd and beautifully dreſs'd,
But what it was could not be gueſs'd:
Firſt they taſte one, and then another,
And gaze with Wonder on each other;
Here Waiter, you the Truth muſt know,
Quoth *Lindo*, tell your raree Show;
This Bird's-neſt Soupe from *China* brought,
Far fetch'd, and very dearly bought;
They were beſpoke, Sir, by a Lord,
But to oblige you, broke my Word;
That's a Ragouſt of fatted Snails,
Which Novelty now much prevails;
This Bantam Pig, but one Day old,
Is richly worth its Weight in Gold;
A Pudding too within it is,
Made of Hard-Row and Amber Greece,
French Peaſe are here in Gravy ſtew'd,
With Cheeſe and Garlick, wond'rous good;
This an incomparable Tart
Of Frogs and forc'd Meat, made with Art;
And this ſo nicely ſauc'd with Shrimp,
Is Cod, and I can ſwear its crimp;

Theſe, Sir, are Chickens in Surprize,
The fineſt ever bleſt my Eyes;
And if your Honour views them well,
They've not been two Hours from the Shell.
Zookers, quoth *Lindo*, ſpare your Date,
You make one Puke to hear you Prate:
Here, take away your filthy Treat,
And bring us ſomething we can eat;
A Mutton Chop, or honeſt Stake,
Some recompence for this we'll make;
Which ſmall Refreſhment being made,
And princely Reck'ning freely paid,
Adieu *Pontac*, for I foreſee
Thou'lt ne'er take Penny more of me:
If this be counted eating well,
I never ſhall in Taſte excel.
Why, *Belus*, doſt thou Pout and Frown,
Come, tell me, how doſt like the Town?
O, not at all, would we were down.
All in good Time, a-while we'll ſtay
And end this inauſpicious Day
With ſeeing of a merry Play.
Let's read the Bill, the Town's Delight,
The *Beggars Opera* To-night;
I warrant 'tis a merry Scene,
Will make us laugh, and eaſe our Spleen,
And ſo let's boldly enter in.
The Dreſs and Mimick they admire;
But Sound and Show will quickly tire,
If Senſe and Reaſon are not found
The Baſis of the Work to ground;
So far'd it here with *Lindo*'s Taſte,
Two tedious Acts were dully paſt,

When

When Patience fail'd, a Magpie Chatter,
Cry'd, he's beyond this Clitter Clater
Of Ballad Fragments without Matter,
Nor Senſe, nor moral Plot, nor End,
To which does all this Fuſtian tend;
Come let's to t'other Houſe repair,
And ſee old Doctor *Fauſtus* there;
'Tis ſaid, he was a Man of Art,
And ſurely now muſt Top his Part;
His dextrous Slight of Hand ſurvey,
And ſee his *Hocus Pocus* play.
Away the two Inſpectors went,
And for a-while were well Content,
'Till dreadful Dragon yawn'd for Battle,
Thunder and Lightning round them rattle,
Hell open'd, and a Sight diſplay'd,
Might make the ſtouteſt Heart afraid.
Ah me, cry'd *Lindo*, can this ſtand
With Reaſon in a Chriſtian Land?
Can we believe Futurity,
And yet ſuch Sights with pleaſure ſee?
O! dangerous, raſh Impiety.
Here leave we them unto their Reſt,
How much delighted, may be gueſs'd.
Next Morn they roſe not 'till 'twas late,
When *Lindo* thus addreſs'd his Mate:
So much I have miſtaken been
In what we have already ſeen,
I'll promiſe nothing for the Day,
But take our Chance, as fall it may.
Next to the Abbey let's repair,
And view the ſacred Relicks there,

Th'

Th' Antiquities of *England* ſee,
Well worth our Curioſity;
The Tombs run o'er with canting Tone,
Of Conqu'ring *Edward*, Princeſs *Joan*,
Huddled in Duſt, and tack'd together,
Or right, or wrong, no matter whether,
It ſerves the Turn, and gets the Pence,
Chronology is baniſh'd hence.
The Man diſmiſs'd, they walk around,
Many new Monuments they found,
In all Arts Workmanſhip compleat,
Grand, and magnificently Neat;
They many fine Inſcriptions read,
Which ne'er belong'd unto the Dead.
See, *Belus*, here what Time diſcovers,
Tombs rais'd by Ladies to their ———
Their Husbands are not jealous ſure,
Elſe ſome Diſtaſte it might procure;
Thus 'twas in Days of Innocence,
When Love Platonick rul'd o'er Senſe,
And neither fear'd, nor gave Offence.
But now we'll to the Park repair,
And breathe the wholſome Morning Air,
All the *Beau Monde* will there reſort,
And we, perhaps, may ſee the Court.
He ſaid, nor waited a Reply,
Readers will gueſs the Reaſon why,
Humble Companions mayn't diſpute,
Their Patron's Will is abſolute.
I wiſh, ſays *Lindo*, we may find,
A Man adapted to my Mind,
Who knows the Court, the Park, and Town,
To tell us who, and what is done.

Lo!

Lo! there ſits one, ay, that is he,
If Truth is in Phyſiognomy.
Your Servant, Sir, if you'll permit,
We'll reſt a-while upon this Seat?

Gent. Sir, 'tis as free for you as me,
And much I like good Company.
The King and Queen will walk To-day,
And for their coming, here I ſtay;
See they appear, how grand their Mien,
Tho' plainly dreſs'd, their Rank is ſeen.

Lin. But why ſo plain is *Britain*'s Queen?

Gent. It ſhews her great Humility,
And learns her Subjects Houſewifery.

Lin. But why ſo thinly guarded here?

Gent. Good Sir, they are devoid of Fear:
They are no Tyrants, dread no Foes,
Their Subjects Love, is their Repoſe:
May God preſerve them, ſay I then.

Lin. I'll be your Clerk, and ſay Amen.
But where's the Family To-day?

Gent. They're all rid out another Way.

Lin. Look, yonder comes a pleaſant Crew,
With High-crown'd Hats, long Aprons too;
Good pretty Girls I vow and ſwear,
But wherefore do they hide their Ware?

Gent. Ware! what d'ye mean, what is't you tell?

Lin. Why don't they Eggs and Butter ſell?
Such Country Wenches I ſhou'd know
By gay Experience long ago.

Gent. Alas, Sir, you're miſtaken quite!
She on the Left-hand, dreſs'd in White,
Is Lady *C*——, her Spouſe a Knight;
But for the other lovely Three,
They all Right Honourable be.

Lin.

Lin. Ha! now indeed you make me ſmile,
How pleaſantly you Time beguile;
Mark that affected Toſs and Stride,
Hands hung like Bobbins by her Side;
And t'other's Arms on kimbow bent,
As if to fight were her Intent:
What tell you us of Ladies fair,
If ſo they Maſqueraders are?
Such Airs as theſe can ne'er become
A front Box, or the Drawing-Room;
Look they accoſt, ſome round Ear'd Caps,
Straw lin'd with Green, their *May-Day* Hats,
With formal Bows and awkard Daps:
Now, Sir, I'm ſure you cannot fail
To own theſe carry Milking Pail;
Their Hats are flatted on the Crown,
And ſhews the Weight that preſs'd them down.

Gent. How ſtrangely wrong is your Report?
Theſe Ladies all belong to Court:
This faſhionable Diſabill
Has long prevail'd, and longer will;
For why? this candid Country Dreſs
Does native Innocence expreſs.
I find you have been long abroad,
And do not know the preſent Mode:
Theſe noble Peers which now you ſee,
Are proud to join their Company.

Lin. Lords call you them? Stay, let me view—
Well made, if Nature had her Due —
Nay, take my Word, are handſome too:
But ſure the Taylor wrong'd them both,
When to that Suit he cut his Cloth;

What

What Straitneſs on the Skirts appears?
The Neck is rais'd up to the Ears;
Which to the flatteſt Shoulders give
A riſing Fullneſs, as I live:
The Hair of one is ty'd behind,
And platted like a Womankind;
Which t'other carries on his Back,
In ſilken Bag, a monſtrous Pack:
But pray, what's that much like a Whip,
Which with the Air does wavering skip,
From Side to Side and Hip to Hip?

Gent. Sir, do not look ſo fierce and big,
It is a modiſh Pig-tail Wig.

Lin. Z—nds, cannot they this Mode refine?
What! deck their Heads with Tail of Swine?
Forgive my Paſſion, it is wrong,
But what is that which rides along
With ſable Helmet, Beaver down,
And Muffler brac'd up to the Crown?
Petticoats too; oh! *homines* ——
Some bold Hermaphrodite is this.

Gent. Sir, 'tis a Lady chaſte and fair,
Return'd from taking of the Air;
The Hunting Cap you Helmet call,
Is now a Faſhion with them all.

Lin. Our Hats and Coats long worn have they,
And Breeches too, if in their Way:
Then let them bravely mount aſtride,
And, like true Amazonians, ride.

Gent. How obſtinately you purſue
Old Cuſtoms, and condemn the new?
Go on and proſper, take your Will,
Be reſolute and peeviſh ſtill;

And yet I'll lay a Guinea Stake,
That I ſhall you a Convert make:
Since ſo diſpleas'd with Negligence,
And Diſabillies give Offence,
View well that Set of Ladies there,
How perfectly well-dreſs'd they are;
Not Envy can a Blemiſh ſpy,
Like Forms in Wax they charm the Eye;
Each like a ſovereign Queen does move,
And repreſents the Wife of *Jove*.

Lin. Why this is worſe than all the reſt,
A Somewhat! not to be expreſs'd;
So ſtiff, ſo forc'd, as if by Art
A Poppet mov'd, and play'd its Part;
That Length of Stomacher before,
Hook'd down as 'twas in Days of *Yore*;
No graceful Turn of Neck admits,
But ſerves our ſenſual Appetites;
For ſeeing Bubbies ſo diſplay'd,
We think an eaſy Conqueſt made;
The Nymphs, perhaps, as unwilling,
As thoſe who ſtand in Fear of Killing;
The Length of Waiſt too, vile appears,
It lifts the Shoulders to the Ears;
And Sleeves tuck'd half way up the Arm,
Sir, call you this a Dreſs to charm?
It is to qualify a Shame,
To ſeem as they from waſhing came:
I own with you, theſe are moſt fair,
And nat'rally well ſhapen are;
But if continu'd at that Rate,
You'll ſcarcely find one Woman ſtrait:

And

And as it is, if you but mind,
Not one in fifty you will find
That is not to one Side inclin'd;
For by this ſet unplaited Gown,
The leaſt Defect is fully ſhown,
And what in one Part is ſuppreſt,
Forces its Way into the reſt;
Ev'n Nature is of Health bereav'd,
And Life ebbs out thus unperceiv'd:
It was not thus in former Days,
I ſpeak it to our Fathers Praiſe,
Then Cloaths for Ornaments were worn,
And Faſhions ſtudied to adorn;
Eaſy and free, without Offence,
Or Stain to Nature's Excellence;
Her Faults conceal'd, her Charms diſplay'd,
Redoubted Beauties we ſurvey'd.

Gent. Sir, if you can a Word admit ——

Lin. No, Sir, I've not done with them yet.
Thoſe Angel Faces who can ſee,
And not a griev'd Spectator be?
Transform'd by Dreſs, like *Friezland* Hen,
With Feathers turning back agen;
The Curls which ſhould the Forehead ſhade,
Stand ſtareing up like Horns diſplay'd,
As if they did our Sex defy;
Look for it, Men, if e'er you try;
And 'ſtead of graceful Front, there ſhows
A Pullet's Rump juſt o'er the Noſe.
O *Britain*, as Hiſtorians tell,
Thy Women bore away the Bell:
An handſome Nation were allow'd,
And *Europe* to their Beauties bow'd:

But now alas! its plainly ſhown
Of Comelineſs they're weary grown,
And Men, forſooth, to pleaſe their Taſte,
Diſguiſe themſelves e'en full as faſt.
Come *Belus*, now we'll haſten down,
And never more approach the Town.
And, Sir, for your Civility,
All humble Thanks receive from me.

PROLOGUE *to* King Arthur. *By Mr.* Sterling.
Spoken by Mr. Giffard.

OUR Scenes no ſoft *Italian* Air diſpenſe;
Guiltleſs of Meaning; innocent of Senſe;
But lo! a Feaſt! for *Britiſh* Palates fit!
'Tis *Purcell*'s Muſic, ſerv'd with *Dryden*'s Wit!
Old *Merlin*'s Ghoſt riſes with honeſt Rage
To mend our Taſte, and vindicate the Stage:
Superiour Magic here inchants your Souls,
And feeble Thrills with manly Charms controuls!
To-night the Stage my raptur'd Breaſt inſpires,
And the Muſe labours with the Prophet's Fires!
Hear, *Albion*'s Sons!—by me ſhe ſhall unfold
What to fam'd *Arthur* he reveal'd of Old!
Dire Wars ſhall waſte our Realms through various Reigns
Of conqu'ring *Saxons* and invaſive *Danes!*
Lo! Civil Rage, and Diſcord light their Brand;
See! the fell Furies half conſume the Land!
—What holy Fires, inſatiate to devour!
Religious Butchery! and Mitred Pow'r!
—But, now—I ſee—wrapt into diſtant Times—
(He ſprings to Light) a Prince to purge our Crimes:

With

With Regal State to joyn the gen'rous Band,
And riſe the Benefactor of Mankind!
See, Strife and Faction grin with hideous Yell!
See, the chain'd Monſters ſhrink within their Cell!
He comes, he comes!——Old Ocean hears the Word,
Smooths his rough Face, and hails his Sovereign Lord!
To other Worlds the *Britiſh* Thunder rolls,
Beholds new Stars, and viſits both the Poles!
Now ſhall fair Commerce, Arts, and Wealth explore,
And her Sails whiten Earth's remoteſt Shore!
While Heav'n-born Juſtice breaks Oppreſſion's Bands;
And lifts her Scales with uninclining Hands!
Let Purple Tyrants the ſcourg'd Globe deface,
And riot in the Blood of Human Race!
Wars Ravage; Thou, O warlike Prince reſtrain!
Be thine the Glories of a Milder Reign!
Guardian, as Arbitrer, of Peace reſtor'd,
Save bleeding *Europe* from the ruthleſs Sword!
Of Sacred Liberty great Patron Shine;
And prove by Godlike Worth the Right Divine!

EPILOGUE *to* King Arthur. *By Mr.* Sterling.
Spoken by Mrs. Giffard.

WHich of us, think you Ladies, was moſt blind?
I, in my Eyes; or *Arthur* in his Mind?
He wiſh'd a Wife might ſee! nay more—aſſur'd me,
That had I been born dumb,——he wou'd have cur'd me!
Good natur'd Hero! moſt convenient Suitor!
No Conjurer! tho' *Merlin* was his Tutor!

Women,

Women, who've Tongues, tho' blind, have Pow'r to hector:
And without Eyes may read a Curtain Lecture!
But—had I never got my Sight—what then?
Is there no way—but one—to come at Men;
Faith! Spouſe ſhou'd know, when in a Mood for Billing,
I had not loſt my noble Senſe of Feeling;
Touch grows acuter by the Loſs of Sight:
And Eyes in Bed—can give us no Delight!
To my Good Man, now mark what fine Excuſes
I might have fram'd, for conjugal Abuſes;
'Indeed! My Dove! (for thus I'd take my Cue)
'Indeed! I thought the filthy Man was You!
'Sure 'twas your Voice, and—ſo, without reſiſtance
'I but Injoy'd my Deareſt—at a Diſtance!
Thus while he fought for Fame in *Saxon* Quarrels;
Perhaps, he might wear Horns inſtead of Laurels!
Well!—Spite of all this Rout To-night, ſure no Man
In Spells, and potent Arts can vie with Woman!
For, charm'd to her inchanted Circle, woo her:
You'll find the Devils themſelves are Aſſes to her!
Tho' Sight, Taſte, Smell, groſs Touch, and Hearing die,
Ladies their Loſs by a Sixth Senſe ſupply!
Our *Magna Charta* that! for Sages ſay,
This *ton Jout prete* and never will decay!
But Raillery apart!——in this bleſs'd Iſle,
How many ſhining Sorcereſſes ſmile,
Your Power To-night exert, Ye generous Fair;
And prove what lovely Witchcraft triumphs there.
'Tis Yours our *Merlin* on the Stage to ſave,
(A Royal Name protects him in his Cave)

Awe

Awe yon rash Critics if rude Censures rise,
By the resistless Magic of your Eyes.

Woman's Resolution.

OH, cry'd *Arsenia*, long in Wedlock bless'd,
Her Head reclining on her Husband's Breast,
'Should Death divide thee from thy doating Wife,
'What Comfort could be found in widow'd Life?
'How the Thought shakes me!—— Heav'n may
'*Strephon* save,
'Or give the lost *Arsenia* half his Grave.
Jove heard the lovely Mourner, and approv'd;
'And should not Wives, like this, (said he) be
'lov'd?
'Take the soft Sorrower at her Word, and try
'How deeply rooted Woman's Vows can lie.
'Twas said, and done—the tender *Strephon* dy'd,
Arsenia two long Months—t'out-live him try'd:
But in the third—alas!—became a Bride.

The Rose. For the 10th *of* June.

FAir Rose, to thee all other Flowers must yield,
That paint the Garden, or adorn the Field;
Whether with ruddy Blaze you give Delight,
Or else diffuse in milder Beams of White,
Or Party-colour'd Dress you charm the Sight:
How beautiful in all you still appear,
Pride of the Summer, Glory of the Year:
Can you, sweet Flower, a baneful Influence shed,
And Rage and Discord thro' the Nation spread?
No, sure; from you our Mischief never flows;
Not from the red, nor white, but the black Rose.

Or

On Marinda's *Toilet.*

HENCE vulgar Beauties take their pow'rful Arms,
And from their Toilets borrow all their Charms,
But bright *Marinda*, with a kinder Care,
Rebates her ſharper-pointed Glances here:
With our weak Sight in Pity ſhe complies,
And with our Faſhions veils the Glories of her Eyes.
The Angels thus deſcending from above,
To viſit Men with Meſſages of Love,
Such Shape aſſum'd, our Bleſſing to compleat,
And make the Favour kind, as it was great;
Through mortal Veſtments ſhone th' angelick Air,
And tho' in human Form, they ſeem'd moſt heav'nly Fair.

To the Author of the Satyr againſt Wit.

SOME ſcribbling Fops ſo little value Fame,
They ſometimes Hit, becauſe they never Aim;
But thou for Erring haſt a certain Rule,
And aiming, art inviolably Dull;
Thy muddy Stream no lucid Drop ſupplies,
But Puns, like Bubbles, on the Surface riſe;
All that for Wit you could, you've kindly done,
You cannot Write, but can be Writ upon,
And a like Fate does either Side befit,
Immortal Dulneſs, or immortal Wit:
In juſt Extremes an equal Merit lies,
And *B—le* and *Garth* with thee muſt ſhare the Prize,
Since thou canſt ſink, as much as they can riſe.

On

On Lady Essex, *who was a* Dutch *Woman.*

THE braveſt Hero, and the brighteſt Dame
From *Belgia*'s happy Clime, *Britannia* drew;
One pregnant Cloud, we find, does often frame
The awful Thunder, and the gentle Dew.

To Mrs. Anaſtaſia Robinſon.

WHEN *Salva* ſings, or plays the Heroin's Part,
The Fiction's ill ſupported by her Art;
There's ſomething vulgar, thro' the rich Diſguiſe,
Betrays the Mimick, and offends the Eyes.
But when your Voice is heard, and Beauty ſeen,
You ſeem a Goddeſs, while you act a Queen.

On Homer.

WHO firſt tranſcrib'd the famous *Trojan* War,
And wiſe *Ulyſſes*' Acts, oh *Jove*, make known;
For ſince 'tis certain, thine theſe Poems are,
No more let *Homer* boaſt they are his own.

Optimum quod evenit.

BY hidden Springs Man's ſmalleſt Actions move,
Wound up by an unerring Hand above;
Why ſay you then, that this, or that's amiſs,
Since nothing could be *better*, than what *is*?

Verſes by Boileau, *on a Picture of his ill-grav'd.*

THE Poet *Boileau*'s Picture here you ſee;
What! how! the famous Critick! is this he?
How ſour his Looks! (no ſmiling Graces dawn,)
Why 'tis to ſee himſelf ſo vilely drawn.

Epitaph on SALLY SALISBURY.

HERE, flat on her Back, but inactive at laſt,
Poor *Sally* lies under grim Death;
Thro' the Courſe of her Vices ſhe gallop'd ſo faſt,
No wonder ſhe's now out of Breath.

To the Goal of her Pleaſures ſhe drove very hard,
But was tripp'd up e'er half Way ſhe ran;
And tho' ev'ry one fancied her Life was a Yard,
Yet it prov'd to be leſs than a Span.

The RAPTURE.

CRy'd *Strephon*, panting in *Coſmelia*'s Arms,
I die, bright Nymph, I die amidſt your Charms!
Chear up, dear Youth, reply'd the Maid,
Diſſolv'd in am'rous Pain,
All Men muſt die, (bright Boy, you know),
E'er they can riſe again.

To Mrs. A——. F——.

THE Power of Love, what Mortal can withſtand?
Who dare rebel when Beauty does command?
When free from Love, and *Anna*'s powerful Charms,
I happy liv'd, nor dreaded future Harms.
No anxious Care diſturb'd my peaceful Breaſt,
Uninterrupted Joys my Soul poſſeſt;
Involv'd in Pleaſure, I enjoyed Life,
Bleſt with Content, and Stranger to all Strife:
Happy I liv'd an humble rural Swain,
Envy'd by all the Shepherds of the Plain;

Oh!

Oh! was I ſtill in that ſame happy State,
I'd envy none, nor wiſh for to be great:
But how inconſtant is poor Mortal's State!
One Moment happy, next unfortunate;
For when my Charmer on the Plain appear'd,
As *Venus* fair, and Goddeſs-like rever'd,
Whoſe beauteous Eyes confeſs the Power of Love,
And ev'ry Part the lucky Hand of *Jove*,
I gaz'd and cry'd, O Liberty, farewel!
And, to her Charms, a willing Victim fell.
No longer I my Liberty retain'd,
I ſaw, was vanquiſh'd, and her Slave became:
All powerful Love that Inſtant ſeiz'd my Soul,
And, Tyrant like, uſurp'd the Power to rule;
Slave to her Charms, I hugg'd the fatal Chain,
Nor did I of Captivity complain;
I fondly lov'd, but lov'd, alas! in vain,
And *Nancy* frown'd, which ſtill encreas'd my Pain.
Too cruel Fair, how can you Pleaſure take,
To plague the Wretch who's dying for your Sake?
Oh! cou'd you feel but half the Pain I bear,
Sure you'd ne'er ſtrive for to encreaſe my Care.
I think by Abſence to ſhake off my Pain,
But that ſerves only to encreaſe my Flame;
It is impoſſible to remove the Load,
Or baniſh from my Breaſt the Tyrant God:
Nor can I ever ſo ingrateful prove,
To ſlight the Beauties of the Fair I love:
But her too cruel Heart makes no Return,
And poor, forſaken I, am left to mourn:
Her lovely Form with wonder I adore,
And ev'ry Day new Beauties do explore:

But the fair cruel Maid to me denies
The ſweet Enjoyment of the ſweeteſt Joys,
Wou'd Heav'n indulgent to my Wiſhes prove,
And make me happy in the Fair I love;
No greater Bliſs of *Jove* wou'd I require,
For *Nanny*'s Love is all I do deſire:
But if that Bleſſing I muſt ne'er obtain,
And ſhe is deſtin'd for ſome happier Swain;
No other Fair ſhall lead my Heart aſtray,
Nor with bewitching Charms my Soul betray;
In ſhady Grove, ſecure from future Harms,
Pleas'd with reflecting on my *Nanny*'s Charms,
I'll ſpend the ſhort Remainder of my Days,
And, tho' forſaken, ſing fair *Anna*'s Praiſe.

On two Twin-Siſters, who died at the ſame Time and were buried in one Grave.

FAIR Marble, tell to future Days,
That here two Virgin-Siſters lie;
Whoſe Life employ'd each Tongue in Praiſe;
Whoſe Death gave Tears to ev'ry Eye.
In Stature, Beauty, Years and Fame,
Together as they grew, they ſhone;
So much alike, ſo much the ſame,
That Death miſtook them both for one.

On CORINNA's *Wiſh.*

THAT theſe Flowers were Men, wiſh, *Corinna*, no more;
For ſoon, were they ſo, they muſt fruitleſs adore:
The Reverſe of thy Wiſh is made plain ev'ry Hour,
By thy cruel Inconſtance, that Man's but a Flower.

When

When he's fresh in his Youth, and in Gaiety dress'd,
You freely vouchsafe him a Place in your Breast;
But, soon as his Bloom and Beauty decay,
Like a Flower that's wither'd you fling him away.

Written in a Lady's Table Book, under a Prayer to the Virgin Mary.

IN the smooth Plane your Hand engraves,
You read your Wishes and your Slave's.
You to the Saint; to you I bow;
Nor fear a superstitious Vow.

Mulieri ne crede, ne mortuæ quidem.

A Scolding Wife so long a Sleep possess'd,
Her Spouse presum'd her Soul was now at Rest:
Sable was call'd, to hang the Room with Black;
And all their Cheer was Sugar-Rolls and Sack.
Two mourning Staves stood Centry at the Door;
And *Silence* reign'd, who ne'er was there before.
The Cloaks and Tears, and Handkerchiefs prepar'd,
They march'd, in woful Pomp, to *Aschurch-yard*:
When see, of narrow Streets what Mischiefs come!
The very Dead can't pass in Quiet home:
By some rude Jolt the Coffin-lid was broke;
And Madam, from her Dream of Death, awoke.
Now all was spoil'd: The Undertaker's Pay,
Sour Faces, Cakes and Wine, quite thrown away
But some Years after, when the former Scene
Was acted, and the Coffin nail'd again,
The tender Husband took especial Care
To keep the Passage from Disturbance clear;
Charging the Bearers that they tread aright,
Nor put his Dear in such another Fright.

To

To his falſe Miſtreſs.

THOU ſaid'ſt that I alone thy Heart could move,
And that for me thou would'ſt abandon *Jove*.
I lov'd thee then; not with a Love defil'd,
But as a Father loves his only Child.
I know thee now; and, tho' I fiercer burn,
Thou art become the Object of my Scorn.
See what thy Falſhood gets! I muſt confeſs
I love thee more, but I eſteem thee leſs.

Againſt an ATHEIST.

WHilſt in his double-elbow Chair
Young *Alcidor* does loll and ſwear,
No wonder if a Wretch, like me,
Am Object of his Raillery;
Why ſhould not I a Blockhead ſeem,
To one, who does his God blaſpheme?
But no Man thinks (whate'er he ſaith)
His Words are Articles of Faith.

The Lady's RESOLVE.

WHilſt Thirſt of Praiſe, and vain Deſire of Fame,
In every Age is every Woman's Aim;
With Courtſhip pleas'd; of ſilly Toaſters proud;
Fond of a Train, and happy in a Crowd;
On each poor Fool beſtowing ſome kind Glance,
Each Conqueſt owing to ſome looſe Advance;
Whilſt vain Coquets affect to be purſu'd,
And think they're virtuous, if not groſly lewd;

Let

Let this great Maxim be my Virtue's Guide,
In part ſhe is to blame, who has been try'd,
He comes too near, that comes to be deny'd.

The Gentleman's ANSWER.*

WHilſt pretty Fellows think a Woman's Fame,
In ev'ry State and ev'ry Age the ſame,
With their own Folly pleas'd, the Fair they toaſt,
And where they leaſt are happy, ſwear they're moſt:
No Diff'rence making 'twixt Coquet and Prude,
And ſhe that ſeems, yet is not really lewd:
Whilſt thus they think, and thus they vainly live,
And taſte no Joys, but what their Fancies give:
Let this great Maxim be my Actions Guide,
May I ne'er hope, tho' I am ne'er deny'd,
Nor think a Woman won, that's willing to be try'd.

Upon a Lady ſleeping with her Face cover'd.

SO ſets the Sun, veil'd with the Shades of Night,
To riſe with fiercer Rays of native Light:
In Darkneſs we his tedious Abſence mourn,
And wiſh for Day; but at his bright Return,
Are dazzled if we look, and if too near, we burn.

---

* *We can't help thinking that this has the common Fate of all Anſwers, to be inferior to the Original; but we think as the firſt is good, that every Thing which has a Relation to it ought to appear in publick.*

VENUS

VENUS *miſtaken.*

WHEN *Chloe's* Picture was to *Venus* ſhown;
Surpriz'd, the Goddeſs took it for her own;
And what, ſaid ſhe, does this bold Painter mean?
When I was bathing thus, and naked ſeen?
Pleas'd *Cupid* heard, and check'd his Mother's Pride:
And who's blind now, Mamma? the Urchin cry'd.
'Tis *Chloe's* Eye, and Cheek, and Lip, and Breaſt:
Friend *Howard's* Genius fancy'd all the reſt.

PROMETHEUS *ill painted.*

HOW wretched does *Prometheus'* State appear,
Whilſt he his ſecond Miſ'ry ſuffers here!
Draw him no more, leſt, as he tortur'd ſtands,
He blame great *Jove's*, leſs than the Painter's Hands.
It would the Vulture's Cruelty out-go,
If once again his Liver thus ſhould grow.
Pity him, *Jove*, and his bold Theft allow,
The Flames he once ſtole from thee, grant him now.

On a CIVILIAN.

A Lufty, old, grave, grey-headed Sire,
Stole to a Wench to quench his Luſt's Deſire:
She ask'd him, what Profeſſion he might be?
I am a Civil-Lawyer, Girl, quoth he:
A Civil-Lawyer, Sir? you make me muſe,
Your Talk's too broad for civil Men to uſe:
If Civil-Lawyers are ſuch bawdy Men,
Oh! what, quoth ſhe, are other Lawyers then?

Written

Written in the Leaves of a Fan, by Dr. Atterbury, *late Biſhop of* Rocheſter.

Flavia the leaſt and ſlighteſt Toy
Can with reſiſtleſs Art employ;
This Fan in meaner Hands would prove
An Engine of ſmall Force in Love;
Yet ſhe, with graceful Air and Mien,
Not to be told, or ſafely ſeen,
Directs its wanton Motion ſo,
That it wounds more than *Cupid*'s Bow;
Gives Coolneſs to the matchleſs Dame,
To every other Breaſt a Flame.

The NUNNERY.

IN ancient Times, when *Rome*'s fat Prieſts did reign,
Converting to their Faith the *Britiſh* Swain;
When by their wicked Spells and magick Tricks,
They gain'd Applauſes of both Age and Sex;
There was a Doctor of the *Roman* Brood,
Skill'd in fam'd Projects for the Brotherhood:
Many long Days he liv'd as Princes do,
Unknown to meagre Miſery and Woe:
Twice forty Suns ſhone o'er his graceful Head,
The next Fate caſt him Pris'ner on his Bed,
Calling about him all the vicious Train,
This his laſt Will ſprings from his pregnant Brain:
Liſten, my Friends; E'er long I ſhall depart,
To leave you thus already grieves my Heart:
Methinks, I cou'd with you for ever dwell,
Were't not for Brethren already now in ——:

There 'tis I go, new Manſions to prepare
For you my Friends, againſt I ſee you there.
But ſomething ſtill, ſticks heavy at my Heart,
I fear you will from *Rome*'s pure Faith depart.
My tender Love for all her Sacred Laws,
Made me a Champion in her Holy Cauſe:
Live ſtedfaſt, Friends, be true, nor ſtir a Foot,
Tho' Heav'n and all it's Angels bribe you to't:
Be ſure lay *Heretick*s beneath your Feet,
Tuns of their Blood will make your Prayers more ſweet;
Then when you die, we'll hear the Church's Plaints,
And take you in the Number of the Saints.
E'er I proceed, I charge you, on your Life,
Never to marry, ne'er to take a Wife,
For 'tis a dangerous Omen to our Trade,
To keep a conſtant Partner in our Bed.
For then ſome fooliſh Prieſt will Virtuous grow,
And the *Eraſmus* will your Secrets ſhow,
Thoſe Secrets which none but your ſelves ſhou'd know.
Therefore 'tis my Advice, to get a Place
Built ſtrong with Stone, with Iron, and with Braſs;
This at the People's Charge will ſoon be giv'n,
When you pronounce, 'tis the Decree of Heav'n;
Around erect a Wall, a Wall ſo high
As if it meant to touch the lofty Sky,
With Iron Bars and Grates encloſe it well,
Make the Doors ſtronger than the Gates of ——:
This finiſh'd, to the liſt'ning World proclaim,
You built this Structure in *Jehovah*'s Name,

And,

And, by a Revelation from on High,
An Angel chriſten'd it a *Nunnery*:
Then thus proceed.—Ye Damſels that will go
To Heav'n, and dwell with Bleſſed Angels too,
W' invite you here, to take your Eaſe and Reſt,
To dwell for ever with the Good and Bleſt,
This ſaid (and by a Prieſt) they'll ſoon comply;
For who will think a Prieſt can tell a Lye?
Thus to your ſpacious Lure, the Damſels come,
No doubt fine Creatures, charming Creatures ſome,
Beauties divine, wou'd make old Fleſh to riſe,
Fill with new Blood your Veins, new Charms your Eyes:
Theſe pent for ever cloſely in your Grounds,
(Death to the Girl that paſſes o'er her Bounds)
Soon ſqueamiſh Nature will cry out, I faint,
Green Sickneſs ſeizes me, ſomething I want,
They can't refrain, it is impoſſible, I know,
Rather than none, they will a Prieſt take to;
For we can ſooner die than leave the Game,
Much leſs a Woman hide her wanton Flame,
Nature compels 'em to the needful Task,
And, if you will not profer, they will ask.
This in ſucceeding Ages ſhall be done,
Prieſts ſhall diſcharge themſelves upon a Nun;
'Tis that will keep them ſtedfaſt to their Trades,
Having an Income of pure Maidenheads.
Who wou'd not thus forſake the Curſed Striſe,
And hate the nauſeous Surfeits of a Wife?
Thus to careſs, thus nightly to enjoy
Beauties divine, Beauties that cannot cloy.

Ripe to be preſt, the willing Damſels ſpread,
Their Iv'ry Limbs upon the trembling Bed;
Mean while a Prieſt, that's us'd to th' leach'rous Game,
At one Aſſault quenches the raging Flame.
Oh! that I were to live an Age or two,
To revel in their Arms, dear Friends, with you:
But now my Time is paſt, and I muſt go,
Where all our Friends depart, to th' Shades below.
My Friend, in all things ſeem both right and juſt;
You know it is the Duty of a Prieſt,
Therefore be ſure an *Argus* with his Eyes
Guard at the Entrance of the *Nunneries*,
Or elſe, perhaps, you'll have ſome waggiſh Blade
Creep in, and ſo diſcover all your Trade.
Beſides, that no diſguiſed Lad come near
In Maſquerade, to revel with the Fair,
Keep an old Matron, but ſhe muſt be true,
Or elſe, perhaps, ſhe will diſcover you:
Let her ſearch all the Virgins that appear,
That none with a Male Weapon enter there.
Laſtly, compleat your Projects in the Night,
Stay not to ſee the Day's approaching Light:
This ſtrictly minded, you muſt needs do well,
And make a many Proſelytes for ——.
Now Friends draw near; I find, alas! I faint;
Once I your Prieſt, but now muſt be your Saint.
But once again, e'er I give up my Breath,
This Legacy I to my Friends bequeath:
Diſſect me, and my Skin with Crimſon dye,
And place it in the fineſt *Nunnery*.

There

There Virgins will repair to ſee Man's Shape,
Ready on Effigy to act a Rape:
This for your Purpoſe ſoon will make 'em grow;
And long the real Piece to ſee and know.
And then——————————
—Alas, my fault'ring Tongue grows dumb,
I muſt away, great *Lucifer* is come:
Farewel, my Friends, my Children, now farewel;
I truſt to ſee you once again in ——.

The Nineteenth Idyll. of Theocritus *imitated.*

YOung *Cupid* early in the Morn,
(Th' unluckieſt Rogue that e'er was born)
Flew from his Mother's Palace Gate,
Before he had ſo much as eat
One ſingle piece of Butter'd Bread;
(For two his Mother us'd to ſpread)
He, heedleſs Boy! ſo far did ſtray;
Beſides, not knowing well his Way;
That he could not return again
To th' Place from whence at firſt he came
By Noon; which is the time for Dinner
Of Gods and Men, of Saint and Sinner.
He, knowing this, and being ſly,
Who was nurs'd up in Roguery,
Was thinking how he ſhould, while ambling,
Preſerve his hungry Guts from wambling.
Whilſt muſing thus, by chance he ſees
Before him Hives of luſcious Bees.
No ſooner did he ſpy the Hives,
With Joy, to plunder one he ſtrives:
But as too haſtily he went
About t'accompliſh his Intent;

A Bee

A Bee (unlucky be it's Birth!)
Prick'd him, and pall'd's intended Mirth.
The Boy, at this, beat on the Ground,
Mourn'd much and often rubb'd his Wound;
But ſtill the more he rubb'd, the more
Would Pain increaſe, his Fleſh be ſore.
He therefore to his Mother flies,
And, ſobbing, in her Boſom lies.
Quoth ſhe, my pretty Tiny Thief,
Who is't hath hurt thee? why doſt grieve?
Says he, Mamma, a little thing,
With golden Wings, and pointed Sting,
Hath prick'd my little Finger ſo,
How angry, ſee the Blood doth flow!
His Mother ſmiling, ſaid, Ar'n't you
Juſt like that thing in all you do?
For when you twang your fatal Dart
In an unwary Lover's Heart,
How very ſmall do you appear!
And yet how large your Breaches are!

Epitaph on a young Lady.

SO fair, ſo young, ſo innocent, ſo ſweet,
So ripe a Judgment, and ſo rare a Wit,
Require at leaſt an Age in one to meet.
In her they met; but long they could not ſtay,
'Twas Gold too fine to fix without Allay.
Heav'n's Image was in her ſo well expreſt,
Her very Sight upbraided all the reſt:
Too juſtly raviſh'd from an Age like this,
Now ſhe is gone, the World is of a piece.

Upon a Picture of the Lady Hide.

WHEN fam'd *Apelles* ſought to frame
Some Image of th' *Idalian* Deme,
To furniſh Graces for the Piece,
He ſummon'd all the Nymphs of *Greece*;
So many Mortals were combin'd,
To ſhew how one Immortal ſhin'd.
Hadſt thou thus ſat by Proxy too,
As *Venus* then was ſaid to do,
Venus herſelf, and all her Train
Of Goddeſſes had ſummon'd been:
The Painter muſt have ſearch'd the Skies,
To match the Luſtre of your Eyes.
Comparing then, while thus we view
The ancient *Venus* and the new,
In her we many Mortals ſee,
As many Goddeſſes in thee.

On the Seven Bishops.

TRUE *Engliſhmen*, drink a good Health to the Mitre,
Let our Church ever flouriſh, tho' her Enemies ſpite her:
May their Cunning and Forces no longer prevail,
And their Malice, as well their Arguments, fail:
Then remember the Seven, which ſupported our Cauſe,
As ſtout as our *Martyrs*, and as juſt as our *Laws*.

To a Lady who wore Patches.

I Know your Heart cannot ſo guilty be,
That you ſhould wear thoſe Spots for Vanity;
Or, as your Beauty's Trophies, put on one
For every Murder which your Eyes have done:
No, they're your Mourning Weeds for Hearts forlorn,
Which, tho' you muſt not love, you cou'd not ſcorn;
To whom, ſince cruel Honour does deny
Thoſe Joys could only cure their Miſery:
Yet you this noble Way to grace 'em found,
Whilſt thus your Grief their Martyrdom has crown'd:
Of which take heed you prove not prodigal;
For if to every common Funeral,
By your Eyes martyr'd, ſuch Grace were allow'd,
Your Face would wear not Patches, but a Cloud.

On a handſome Woman with a fine Voice, but very covetous and proud.

SO bright is thy Beauty, ſo charming thy Song,
As had drawn both the Beaſts and their *Orpheus* along;
But ſuch is thy Avarice, and ſuch is thy Pride,
That the Beaſts muſt have ſtarv'd, and the Poet have dy'd.

7 AP64

FINIS.